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LIBERTY

AND OTHER SERMONS

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BY

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BISHOP OF THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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TO

MY FRIENDS

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

B. PRESTON CLARK

AND THEIR FAMILIES

PREFATORY NOTE

THE final form of these sermons came, in most cases, after they had been preached many times. Delivered without notes and written down later, their present phraseology differs from that of their delivery. They represent that which the preacher wished to say rather than what he actually said from the pulpit. Speech is not always faithful to the call of the moment.

I have endeavoured in the themes treated to present the absolute best, not as one who has attained, but as one who, in spite of many failures, still aspires. Ophelia's gentle admonition is pertinent in the case of every one whose vocation it is to guide others in faith and morals, and I write bearing it in mind:

But, good my brother,
Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whiles, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

C. H. B.

U. S. A. T. "Elcano," Philippine Archipelago
October 3, 1905

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I

LIBERTY

I

LIBERTY [1]

Where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty. 2 Cor. iii, 17.

THERE is danger in acquiescing in popular definitions, especially where the significance of some profound principle like liberty is concerned. Language is not exempt from the universal law of decay, and in the course of time wears out as surely as any other kind of garment. The mind demands a change of phraseology for a reason more worthy than the craving for novelty. Words which once sufficed to express thought eventually are destined to lose their power over the understanding and become as incapable of performing their function as a tool blunted from constant use. Even the narration of well-known facts calls for a fresh combination of words and new terminology, not only because there is always an increasing body of experience to which history must be related, but also because of the attenuation of language in the presence of even the lesser happenings of life.[2]

[1] Preached on the occasion of the visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury to S. John's Church, Washington, September 25, 1904.

[2] "Men converse by means of language, but words are formed at the will of the generality, and there arises from a bad and unapt formation of words a wonderful obstruction to the mind. Nor can the definitions and explanations with which learned

There is no exception from the general rule. Theology perhaps most of all needs periodic furbishing and restatement—I say most of all, because the greater the subject, the less fitted is language to exhaust its content. We cling, it is true, to time-worn phrases, especially those which reached their final shape after centuries of moulding and polishing. Sentiment, reverence and the need of preserving the continuity of formulae for historic ends justify this conservatism, provided that a steady stream of interpretation, couched in language intelligible to men of the day, gives the ancient symbols freshness. It is not the formula that possesses the vitality and becomes a living force, but the informal exposition of it renewed in varying accents from age to age. Let interpretation flag or become conventional, and theological statement is dead excepting to a small group who have learned to think and speak in terms of the distant past,—a process which necessitates training similar to that of the antiquarian, for which few are qualified.

In addition to the ephemeral character of language and its inadequacy as a vehicle of thought, we have

men are wont to guard and protect themselves in some instances afford a complete remedy—words still manifestly force the understanding, throw everything into confusion, and lead mankind into vain and innumerable controversies and fallacies." Bacon's *Novum Organum*, Book I, § xliii.

further to reckon—and now I speak with special reference to definition—with the limitations of the mind and its tendency to be swayed by local influences. If thought is greater than language, principle is greater than thought. There is no phase of truth which, woo it as we may, does not elude the embrace of the intellect. That which we succeed in laying hold of both in its extent and in its quality is a minimum rather than a maximum of the whole. The best thing that acquisition does for us is to add to our capacity to acquire. Instinctive modesty preserved the early Church from the lust of definition, a modesty which was soon outlived, though at first definition was resorted to as a defence, a starting-point rather than as a consummation. For this reason early definition is freer from local colouring than that which came after.

We have learned in the course of many centuries some few things about liberty, but if we are to avail ourselves of the knowledge at our disposal the first thing to do is to seek emancipation from the popular definition, and throw ourselves upon freedom as interpreted in the life of the Spirit among the choicest of men in the experience of history. I apprehend that most people if asked to define liberty would say that it consists in independence and ability to do as you please, the former being its negative, and the

latter its positive aspect. Such a definition is illustrative of the defects and dangers we have been considering. It is both incomplete and coloured by temporary conditions. Some of the commonest facts of nature protest against it as being that specious form of falsehood known as half-truth.

To begin with that which is obvious, our bodies find their highest measure of freedom in a frank recognition of their dependence on the physical universe of which they are a part. It is not by pretending to be superior to the force of gravitation, but by looking for new points of contact and forming a series of alliances with it that we break our fetters and gain a coign of vantage. Our best chance of securing a maximum measure of immunity from peril consists in intelligent obedience to the behests of the natural forces about us. The strongest, freest man is he who, having acquired command of nature's secrets, puts himself in accord with them. The classification of the fruits of observation and experience under a variety of heads results in the formulation of law. Law is the announcement to man how and where he is not independent. Only the reckless and ignorant ignore or defy law, and they never do so except at the sacrifice of liberty. A few years speed away and the body succumbs to surrounding forces, so mingling with the total volume of matter as to

be undistinguishable from it. During the days of our sojourn here nature is kind to us in so far as we are heedful of her dictates. Our bodies are lent to us for a little while, but never for a moment during the period we wear them are we allowed to forget that they are not a free gift unembarrassed by conditions, but a loan, the term of which will be curtailed unless we pay prompt and full interest in the shape of dependence.

Nor can a man escape the limitations of his temperament any more than he can denude himself of his shadow. Temperament is a birthright. Students of the subject have not yet disentangled the channels through which the multiform streams of heredity run, but the fact remains that a whole world of men colours the blood in our veins. Good, bad and indifferent elements make their contribution to that which finally emerges as personality in each individual, no two of whom receive the ingredients in exactly the same proportion. A man is as little responsible for his temperament as for his talents. He is neither required nor expected to suppress or alter it. He could not do so if he tried, any more than he could become somebody else. His duty is to recognize, accept and train it. As far as he tries to act independently of it, he becomes artificial and less than his potential self.

There is nothing, probably, of which we are more

jealous than our opinions. They are all our own, the creation of our own genius—at least so we reason. The truth of the matter is that our opinions during the formative period of life are the youthful reflection of those held by the most influential personalities —parents, pastors, heroes—that surround us. They come to us with no conscious effort at the beginning, and in after life, when the mind makes excursions of its own in the realm of thought, it can never cut loose from its early ideas. If by some mischance our first impressions are distorted, when they are fixed there is no more serious task than to get release from their domination. Neither in its beginnings nor at the height of its maturity can we claim that independence is a prominent feature of intellectual liberty. A healthy mind grows by becoming the comrade of master minds. Observation, in its highest aspect, is the practical recognition of the existence in matter of a mind like our own but superior to it, which instructs those who look and listen. He who, spider-like, weaves his web of thought out of his own substance is either an eccentric or a madman. He is independent, it is true, but at how great a cost! On the other hand those who are ranked as the chief contributors to the world's storehouse of wisdom never cease to sit at the feet of the wise. Their originality, if we take Shakespeare as a type, consists in a fuller treatment of ancient themes,

new combinations of well-worn ideas, a re-study of neglected facts, a just and unprejudiced consideration of opposing arguments—in everything, in short, except independence.

There is not a suspicion of fatalism in the view of life I have been discussing, for at the centre, swaying the real issues at stake, stands motive, which is what we choose to make it, and purpose, that may be set as we will. A lack of independence in certain directions enhances true freedom, and is fatalism's enemy. The mariner finds liberty in loyalty to chart and compass; the moment he disregards their guidance he exposes himself to peril.

Were I to take time it would be easy to show how in the realm of religion, independence of historic theology and ecclesiastical order has in it a much larger degree of danger than benefit. Dependence upon the experimental faith of the ages as embodied in the creeds accurately translated into the language of the times sends the soul soaring on the wing of spiritual liberty. Original conceptions of God, or such a knowledge of Him as may be gathered solely through the medium of individual experience, are so faulty as to menace the whole structure of religion.

It is intelligible, American history being what it is, that independence should receive honoured attention at our hands. Yet a balanced consideration of all the

facts of the case clearly prohibit too much weight being laid upon that which in its last analysis is a purely negative element in our career as a people, and with which it is conceivable we might have dispensed, without serious, if any, loss to the essential features of our progress. But just because independence was the dramatic starting-point from which we moved up into constructive liberty, we are ensnared into making independence a synonym of liberty, and forcing it down the throat of others without considering whether or not it fits the case—an error that not a few unpractical Americans have made in connection with our knotty, but not insoluble problem in the Philippines.

It is unnecessary to recount the incidents which culminated in the War of the Revolution. Suffice it to remind you that in the earlier stages of the trouble, yes, almost to the close of the actual struggle, the revolting colonists were striving for that constitutional dependency which to-day is the commonplace of every colony in the British Empire. The founders of our Republic—Franklin, Jefferson, Jay, Adams, Washington—agreed in protesting that it was neither their desire nor their purpose to sever the tie which bound them to the mother country. Pitt was among the few eminent Englishmen who appreciated the situation. He could discriminate between colonists resisting oppres-

sion and claiming constitutional rights, whom he honoured, and Britons across the sea bent on the fracture of bonds woven with strands of blood and affection, on the pretext of being better able to manage their own affairs without the sympathetic aid of their seniors, whom he would resist as enemies of order and progress. As late as 1775 Richard Penn before the House of Lords distinguished between liberty and independence in memorable language. Upon being asked if the colonists were not fighting for their independence he responded, "No." "Then," said his interrogators, "for what are they contending?" "In defence of their liberties," was his reply.

England at that stage in her development — we will not reprobate her for it — was incapable of seeing the distinction, and she forced the issue. She could perceive no midway position between loyalty to the crown in its arbitrary decrees and independence. Her statesmen went so far as to name the citizens of the nascent Republic "Americans," a term which, like that of "Christian," was originally given in contempt and anger, but is now worn and defended as an inalienable right by those who bear it as the name given by a mother to her daughter. The time is past when the truth about this matter cannot be discussed dispassionately. The broken threads have been reunited, and to-day the presence in our midst of our honoured

guest binds more tightly the cords of sympathy which make two great nations and two great churches one. Long since, the defect in vision which caused the rupture between the old country and her American child has passed away, and we have the fine spectacle of England and her colonies bound together in diversified, but vital unity on the basis of those very principles to which formerly she could not subscribe. Sovereignty by dictation has yielded place to sovereignty by federation of interests, and intelligent sympathy in increasing volume sweeps round the world, catching in its beneficent tide peoples and races of strange thought and custom.

No one, I suppose, will care to dispute the fact that the most conspicuous feature of our liberty is that interlacing of mutual interests which unify life in a growing number of states, each of which has its own peculiarities and ambitions. The force that binds them together is a minimum of independence with a maximum of that phase of dependence, known as interdependence, in which all combine to promote the highest welfare of each, and each holds it as a sacred trust to advance the interests of the whole.

We are living at a moment when aggregation is the watchword of national life. A century has seen the reconstruction of Germany from a conglomeration of petty states, where there was more friction than sym-

pathy, into a coherent Empire, and the appearance as a world power of the Italian nation, at last set free to perfect a unity for which it has long been prepared, though held back from the birth by the harsh grip of an ecclesiastical tyranny now forever broken.

In our own federation the central government stands as guardian to check the individual states in their propensity to do as they please, a phase of liberty which in its exaggeration for a season threatened, in the guise of state rights, to wreck our country. In international relations the balance of power exercises a similar though less formal authority over the idiosyncrasies of nations, restraining them in their lust for self-pleasing which, whether in individual or corporate life, is the highroad to destruction.

It is of course inevitable that, if the negative aspect of a proposition be proved feeble, the positive statement of the same will suffer proportionately, therefore it will be unnecessary to discuss at length the right of self-pleasing in its relation to liberty. In so far as self-pleasing is self-indulgence it is slavery. It could be a constant condition of liberty only among men whose desires were consistently an aspect of duty, a state of affairs not to be found among mortal beings. That which more nearly approximates liberty is power to do otherwise than we please. A baby does as it pleases, but it takes a strong man to

trample on his preferences, to forswear his desires and to do things that are not pleasing to himself.

Every stage in the advance of liberty has been marked by the appearance on the throne of the categorical imperative couched in negative terms. The keynote of the charter of moral liberty is "Thou shalt not." The Decalogue lays men under restraint in order to promote their freedom, and in so doing reveals in them powers of resistance lying latent in human life, but never dreamed of. Prohibition is usually a challenge to a well-disposed character. Magna Charta, which inaugurated the era of civil liberty, fairly bristles with prohibitive clauses. It was the declaration to the barons that they could not henceforth do as they pleased, though it did not grant to the commonalty that which it denied to the aristocracy. The Reformation of the sixteenth century, which has been exalted far above its merits as a purifier of theology and ecclesiastical order, was only one in a progressive series of religious movements which mark the working of the Spirit in the Church's life. Its distinctive feature was the destruction of the power of the Papacy to do as it pleased with the nations of the world, and to impose local interpretations as being of world-wide obligation. It was the charter of religious liberty only so far as it refused to delegate authority in matters of religion to the individual or

to any voluntary grouping of Christians; otherwise it would have been merely a shifting of tyranny from one centre to another, and the clothing of Protestantism with its manifold voices with the robe of which the Papacy had been robbed. It was at best but a local movement, and its claim to final authority or universal jurisdiction must be strenuously resisted. It has done little more than place Christian Europe and its offshoots in a position favourable to working out the real principles of unity and catholicity,—a process which has been sorely impeded by the misconception that the Reformation invites a man to believe as he pleases, which error is doomed to culminate in a strife of tongues of which Babel is the prototype.

Though enough has been said, I believe, to condemn the popular definition of liberty as incomplete, I would hesitate to say that dependence, and power to do otherwise than as you please, sufficiently define that grand principle without which life is not worth living. Perhaps by combining all four fragments, mutually destructive as they may seem, we shall arrive not far short of the whole truth. Our generation, however, beset as it is by arguments leading into an unbalanced idea of the measure of independence we have at our disposal, not less than by allurements enticing us into the depths of self-indulgence, will profit most by a fresh study of the freedom which is the

fruit of dependence and the acquisition of power to do otherwise than as we please.

There is a Figure moving to and fro in our midst whose scrutiny no least movement of life escapes, who manifests by the marks He bears that He had a human experience, in which He sought not to please Himself, but laid His life at the disposal of His Father. He came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him. The scarred hands and feet, the thorn-kissed brow, the opened side, tell the story of a discipline of pain that has no parallel, and that gives full emancipation to as many as care to claim with, and in, Him the privilege of divine sonship and the freedom of those who are free indeed. Not once or twice duty clashed with desire as He made His way toward the goal. But when a struggle came the issue was not doubtful, even though His desire was to live and His duty was to die. Christ is the personification and source of liberty. The means which He used to achieve it are at hand for us to use,—dependence on the God of the ages who is the God of our day, and that quiet negation of desire, when it conflicts with duty, which rises at last into towering strength, and learns by experience the meaning of freedom, not from, but in, temptation and the strongest assaults of evil.

To take this course is to understand that which re-

fuses the limitations imposed by the highest definition, but reveals its best secrets only to such as aim to live the life of the Spirit. *For where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.*

II

TRUTH IN THE INWARD PARTS

II

TRUTH IN THE INWARD PARTS[1]

Thou requirest truth in the inward parts. Psalm li, 6.

I CAN never look at the Washington Monument in our capital city without feeling the force of the steady appeal made by its solidity, its unbroken straightness, its aspiring height. Its gray beauty is so ethereal that its massive bulk is lost in an atmosphere of infinity. A sermon in stone, it preaches truth, and stands as the symbol of that foundation of reality, simplicity and spirituality upon which the edifice of character must be reared. There is a certain degree of truth from which no one can escape, so faithfully does it press itself upon our attention, and so carefully designed a receptacle for truth is human nature. It may be that man is prone to error, but his capacity for truth is his distinguishing characteristic. Threnody cannot half sing the song of a creation that God made for rhapsody. Mournful depreciation of human nature is a sure aid to failure. It is driven thus to feed on a beggar's crust when it is endowed with an appetite that can be satisfied only with a royal banquet. Christ treated the worst as be-

[1] Preached in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, at the close of the annual convention of the Brotherhood of S. Andrew, October 2, 1904.

ing ordained for the best, from the woman of Samaria to Judas Iscariot. We cannot do less without frustrating His work. Once convinced that the portion of truth prepared for us is beyond the poor fragment within reach even of the easy-going, men will covet truth in the inward parts, which is what God requires.

Truth and truthfulness are not synonymous. Truth is the fountain-head of which truthfulness is the stream. Truthfulness is the quality or disposition created by familiarity with truth. The instantaneous reward of the truth-seeker in his earliest movements is the lessening of the lines of self-deceit that distort the vision. The least glimpse of "the God of things as they are" helps us to see straight. Truthfulness is the quality of seeing straight applied to the activities of life. Though it is a sequence to the acquisition of truth, it is in a sense antecedent to it also, to this extent: we must be honest in purpose and effort as we set out on our quest. Many fall into the fault—a fault with grave consequences—of supposing that the whole task is to discover actual facts. The temper of the day is to reach this end, to get a realistic knowledge of the universe and secure a Shakespearian acquaintance with life, as its comedies and tragedies are being acted out on the human stage.

'Tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.[1]

But it is playing only half the game to go thus far and stop. The God of things as they are is the God of things as they are to be. He was the God of the ideal before He became the God of the actual. The God of things as they are is a disappointed, condemning God, listening with anger to sweet bells jangling out of tune. The God of things as they are to be is a hopeful, commending God, laying a hand of harmony on discords and voicing them anew to meet the requirements of His original design.

Days such as those through which we have been passing in this annual comradeship quicken the spiritual pulse, set free the emotional nature, freshen our vision of God and duty. We ought to move out again into common life with renewed strength and courage. Our chief danger, in the circumstances, is to be emotionally dishonest. In the exaltation of sympathetic fellowship, and with winsome ideals before us, it is all too easy to pledge ourselves to things that are spiritually quixotic, or bring to them a falsetto note. Let us steady ourselves by dwelling on some of the practical aspects of *truth in the inward parts* in the sense

[1] *Hamlet*, I. ii.

of soundness at the core, reality, sincerity both in our relation to God and in our relation to men.

1. *Self-improvement comes before the improvement of others.* The finger of warning has long been raised against the evil of resting satisfied in seeking our own salvation. But the converse evil is greatly to be feared, the seeking of the salvation of others before we have sought our own. The two lines of search should run parallel. We can never afford to neglect self-improvement or to look lightly on our own moral defects. If we are to love our neighbour as ourselves, we must love ourselves as our neighbour. Our first duty is self-sanctification: its motive, *for their sakes.* Influence flows from holiness which is wholeness, and even if we are still wrestling with serious faults, provided we have a clear view of our goal and a fixed purpose, our ideal will use us, imperfect as we are, as a sacrament to bring others to God. David's zeal to amend the past by bringing judgement upon a supposed offender was met by God's requirement that he must mend himself as he would mend others.

We cannot be too firm in our demand for moral soundness in Christian men, beginning with ourselves. By this I do not mean perfection, or that high measure of moral culture which carves the capitals in the temple of character. My reference is to something much more elementary and simple. I mean the broad foun-

dation stones of honesty, truthfulness, gentleness and decency. The moral man who is not religious is incomplete; but what shall we say of the religious man who is not moral? Though, as I have already insisted, capacity for truthfulness towers above love of error, self-deceit, partisan bias, self-sympathy, are enemies to be feared and unsparingly dealt with. Butler's immortal words prick the bubble of fancy and unreality and leave everything naked and unadorned: "Things and actions are what they are, and the consequences will be what they will be." It is often, perhaps always, a tremendous discipline to face honestly the actual state of affairs, but it is our earliest duty to the God of things as they are. There is a striking verse in the Psalter[1] that lays bare the heart of self-deceit: *The ungodly man flattereth himself in his own sight: until his abominable sin be found out.* It is possible for a doer of deeds of darkness to go so far as to applaud himself during the course of his sin. He finds somehow a righteous explanation for his badness. Any one who has stood by when the inevitable disclosure comes knows the depths of horror through which the offender must go. It is a comfort—is it not?—to be assured that the soul even of such a one has a greater capacity for good than for evil, a capacity which begins to work as soon as he tries to be honest with himself. Othello's

[1] *Psalm* xxxvi, 2.

conclusions regarding sin are not such as we can adopt.[1] The hidden sin is all the worse for being hidden, in that it is past remedy until it comes to light.

It is dangerous to tamper with or make cheap God's compassion, a fruitful cause of unchecked vice in religious men. The only opportunity that divine mercy has is that which penitence gives, penitence which takes its beginning in a determined effort to see things as they are.

2. *Choose the higher rather than the lesser good.* It may be wise to aim at bettering life, but the Christian course is to best it. The horrid stream of probabilism[2] has overflowed the banks of the system which gave it birth, and tainted the very springs of Christian activity, encouraging the faltering to accept the lesser rather than the higher good, to abandon the certain for the doubtful. I cannot agree with the modern thinker[3] who contends that there are situations in which no alternative can be found but a choice between evils. On the contrary I believe that there is a noble course for the most tangled and scarred life, as well as for the least defective. It is only common Christianity to maintain the noblest course as the

[1] *Othello*, III. iii.

[2] The doctrine that of two probable opinions it is lawful to choose that which favours one's own inclination, even while suspecting that the opposite opinion is the true one.

[3] John Morley.

conduct, and the largest life as the goal, even for a robber gasping out the last moments of a criminal career. I do not say that God will not accept less than the best, but it is our place to claim it for ourselves and press it on the attention of our fellows.

3. *The work for others begins in unselfishness in the hidden portions of life.* It is indeed true that "nothing is more unpractical than neglect of the spiritual."[1] The soul of the spiritual life is motive. *If thine eye is single, thy whole body shall be full of light.* It is three quarters of the battle of life to keep motive free of entanglement, for various paramours of gracious charm are always suing for its favour. Single-mindedness issues in transparency of conduct. No ulterior motives lie behind that which all who have eyes can see. A desperate age, fevered with multiform distractions, is looking for a receipt for the simple life. It is not to be found in intricate philosophy or a suppression of powers that were made for use. Christ gave it to men once for all when He enunciated the twofold law of love. Enshrine the law as motive in the palace of the soul, and a wholesome stream of activities will flow Godward and manward. Simplicity is not doing one thing, it is doing all things from one motive. An unselfish motive finds expression in the life of greatness known as service. I do not believe it is possible to

[1] Report of the Council of the Brotherhood of S. Andrew.

work for the Kingdom of God in public with reality, if in the hidden part of life we are chiefly occupied in promoting the kingdom of self. "It is the secret reserve which we make for our personal aims—the calculating instinct, cynical at its core and incapable of whole-hearted devotion—that makes a man unfit, not εὔθετος, for the Kingdom of God."[1]

Is there unity, let us ask, between the hidden and the public moments of action? The former are by long odds the most important because they are the most numerous. Are we allowing any out-of-the-way corners of life to remain empty of God? or are we trying to convert the inner cells of our personality to high uses under the control of an undistracted purpose and a single motive? Remember it is here that truth finds its home in man, here in his inward parts.

4. *Seem to be as religious as you are.* This is the converse of the good old maxim that you should be as religious as you seem, a maxim bidding us to reality. It is as worthy of respectful obedience to-day as yesterday. But among modern men unreality frequently runs in the opposite direction. Religious emotions and impulses are slighted and ignored from paltry causes. The sceptic is not an object of contempt. Indeed, it is now considered rather good form to break a lance with orthodoxy. Honest scepticism, scepticism that has not

[1] Robertson's *Regnum Dei*, p. 68

its roots in a life offensive to God and man or is not the fruit of a cowardly and lazy character, needs to be told that the beginning of its cure—I assume that no good man is glad to be a sceptic—is in letting the religious instincts and impulses have free play. The advice applies to the rest of us, who have no more than the occasional cloud of doubt that is faith's best fertilizer. If we remember that man is essentially religious—and a wide experience has not led me to believe otherwise—the temptation to suppress our natural religious self in the presence of others will be reduced to a minimum. It may be wrong to cast pearls before swine, but it is worse to withhold bread from the hungry. Free play afforded the religious faculty will give a healthy tone to our inner life. Nature loves to be naturally treated, and no part of it more than the spiritual.

5. Though it is true that if the inner part of life is properly cared for the rest of it will take care of itself, the statement does not mean that we can ever afford to be indifferent to practical matters. There is a business aspect to the Kingdom of God where common sense, method and close attention must prevail if success is to be ensured. You yourselves have already taken pains to record that "no business on earth deserves so good care as that which is done in behalf of the Master." Sham, unreality and slovenliness are

to be hated and avoided in work as well as in character. To this end there are two hints worth dropping, not as being new, but, as it seems to me, timely:—

(*a*) *Respect the value of detail.* Details are the inward parts of work. Though men may have a grasp of detail without broad knowledge, no one can possess broad knowledge without an honest acquaintance with detail. A "general knowledge" of a subject is of small value if it means a "general ignorance of details." One widely used method of preparing a young man to become the head of a business is to send him as a workman through its various departments and train him to be a student and guardian of details. There can be no thorough work done of any proportions, small or great, unless each part of it has the whole-souled attention of the person to whom it is entrusted.

(*b*) *Attack the first problem first.* The problems of life, whether in the parish or elsewhere, are so numerous that the trouble is not to find something to do, but rather to decide wisely amid many claims what not to do. We cannot be wholesale reformers, so we must be content to become specialists. God, in the story of creation, has revealed the process of working chaos into order. He attacked the first problem first, and then, in patient succession, not trying to do six days' work in one, but without hurry, though with-

out pause, adjusted and regulated the forces of the universe, until all was "very good." His method must be ours if thoroughness or throughness, *truth in the inward parts*, is to dignify our achievements.

The world of undone deeds is waiting for you as you go forth from these days of inspiration to run your career. You will not meet with the success that you have pictured in the higher flights of your enthusiasm, but you will make a sufficient contribution to the progress of the Kingdom if the marks of reality are imprinted on what you are and what you do. Happily for us, as truly as God's business is our duty, so truly are our problems God's concern. Our movement toward truth is far surpassed by truth's movement toward us. The things that God does through men are but an imperfect part of His working, but the only human achievements that will endure are those which have *truth in their inwards parts*.

III

HEALTH

III

HEALTH[1]

The king of Syria sent thither horses and chariots and a great host; and they came by night and compassed the city about. And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host with horses and chariots was round about the city. And his servant said unto him, Alas, my master! how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not: for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man; and he saw: and, behold, the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha. 2 Kings vi, 14–17.

THERE is a permanent significance to this beautiful picture, which, redolent with faith, comes to us on the wings of spiritual history. Its reassuring message is that the forces which protect life are greater than those which menace it, in number and strength and permanence. It is an old truth, as the venerable age of the story which I have quoted indicates, but one which needs repolishing by reason of the modern influences which have dimmed its lustre. The most conspicuous phase of research in recent

[1] Preached in the Church of the Advent, Boston, October 3, 1904, at the annual meeting of the Council of the Guild of S. Barnabas for Nurses.

years has brought into startling prominence agencies that threaten security and make for decay. The landmarks of faith are undergoing a criticism of such power as to cloud our trust and make us tremble for the future. Church, Creed and Bible are suffering a determined siege at the hands of an age that loves to analyze, and probe for origins. A host as formidable as the host of the Syrians is set against them in battle array. When we shape our course toward a righteous life we see the sins of our ancestors swooping down to swamp us, while the sinister influence of unkind environment checks freedom of action. Or if it is our bodily well-being that we are considering we find it threatened at every turn by a myriad foes so minute as to laugh at our clumsy efforts to destroy them, and bent upon our undoing. Dangers are known to infest pleasant places once thought secure; and we suspect that death may lurk in every pot. Many feel that they that be against us are more than they that be for us.

In thus stating the case I do not mean to imply that the criticism, analysis and investigation of our times is purely destructive and intent on mischief. On the contrary it is the very opposite. We are in search of the truth, of life, which are the only positive and constructive realities in the universe. But the process calls for an unveiling of evils which we must

be courageous enough to undertake. We are, as it were, on a reconnaisance in a promised land, and sometimes the only report that we can bring back is that there are giants there. The milk and honey we have failed to note. Like the young man in the story, we look out of the window to find ourselves entrapped without hope of escape. Faith is surrendered without a struggle. "What is the use of praying? The arguments that make for unbelief are unanswerable." Moral effort dies from the will. "It is fruitless to battle with the iron arm of fate." The powers of bodily resistance are lowered until the first hostile germ that fastens upon us finds fair pasturage. "There is no remedy for my complaint. Let me die."

Now it is a matter of life and death for some, and a question of heightened vitality for all, that our eyes should be opened to see *them that be with us* as clearly as we see the army of the foe. This is the only thing that will emancipate us from fear—to see about us the horses and chariots of fire, of fire which destroys whatever opposes it and purifies that which it does not destroy. Danger is part of the spice of life, and he is but poor stuff who cannot, when the need arises, flip his fingers in the face of peril. But those can best do this who have made friends with unseen guardians and allies. It is not a question of creation or of imagination, but of sight.

The reigning monarch of the universe is life. Were it otherwise the visible order would disappear in corruption, disintegration and chaos. Truth would sink in the morass of error, and righteousness bow its head at the feet of moral perfidy. A battle royal there is and is to be, but God's armies of health and joy and progress are winning their way up the stiff slope, for they exceed in number, excel in quality, and transcend in power the Syrian hosts of evil. Some of them work whether or not we are conscious of their presence. Others wait for our invitation and coöperation before they visit us with their full beneficence. On the other hand an oppressive and exclusive consciousness of the presence of our foes is the best aid we can give them to do their deadly work. Right often they would be unable to wound without the help of our fear.

It is the function of men and women of God to play the part of Elisha and open the eyes of those who see only the magnitude and activity of their foes. The preacher's duty is not so much to defend by subtle argument against the assaults of the enemy, as to point to the armies of God encamped about Church and Creed and Bible, a sight which he himself must first see. He must boldly rebuke vice, he must be a true watchman and lift up a warning voice from his watchtower, but in the same breath he must

so vividly paint the picture of righteousness as to captivate his people. God's Kingdom is not a weak garrison shut up in a citadel: it is a conquering host, safest when it adventures farthest abroad.

The duty of physician and nurse is similar. They, too, have it as a trust to open the eyes of the fearful and of the sick to the life-giving forces standing watch about our path and beside our bed. The function of medicine is to aid self-recovery—to give the natural agencies that make for health a chance to assert themselves. So with the antiseptic treatment of surgery. Technical knowledge and skill are indispensable, and those who fight against them fight against God. Nor is there any necessity to deny the reality of evil facts in order to assert the ascendancy of good facts. The body of Syrian destroyers, a powerful host, are there beyond peradventure. You have but to look through the window of the microscope to see them; but the horses and chariots of fire are also there, and *they that be with us are more than they that be with them.* It is the duty of those who minister in the sick-room to put the sufferer in touch with these friends of life, these angels who have charge over us to keep us in all our ways. Faith and prayer bring aid to the body as powerful as the surest germicide. If matter has an influence for good or ill over mind, mind has an influence for good or ill over matter. Many a life

goes out prematurely because, though it has every material aid, no one is at hand to open the eyes of the patient to the horses and chariots of fire; and, conversely, many a life with a minimum of material aid is delivered from the grave's mouth by submitting itself to the protective powers that hover about the sick-bed. Pasteur, the man who opened up the fortress of disease to the victorious attack of science, prayed harder than he worked. "Knowing to what extent moral influences react on the physique," he wrote a review of a sick friend's book, to cheer him out of his melancholy. Bernard, who recovered, says of this and other marks of esteem: "They make me cling closer to life, and feel that I should be very foolish not to take care of myself and continue to live."[1] Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent physicist, a reverent agnostic, says: "Even in medicine, for instance, it is not really absurd to suggest that drugs and no prayer may be almost as foolish as prayer and no drugs."[2] Psalms cxvi and cxviii are the songs for the sick: *The Lord taketh my part with them that help me: therefore shall I see my desire upon my enemies. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living. I shall not die, but live, and declare the works of the Lord.*

It is obvious that only those who have a vision can

[1] *Life of Pasteur*, vol. ii, pp. 175 ff.
[2] *Ideals of Science and Faith*, p. 43.

impart a vision. The goal of the blind, be he leader or led, is the ditch. The doctor or nurse who can do the best work must carry about with him the atmosphere of health—something that cannot be donned with a uniform, but which must be the effluence of a character steeped in idealism and wholesome thought. My mind goes to a sweet-faced woman, one who wears the medal of the Guild, who courageously labours in a community of savages, opening their eyes to the horses and chariots of fire that encamp about them. Her personality ministers to health not less than the remedies she dispenses.

The ideal hospital has not yet been established, a place of cheer where faith and science are sworn friends, each relying upon the other; where the waiting-room is not shrouded in gloomy foreboding, but made light by a hand that can open the eyes of apprehension to the vision that fosters faith; where patients will always be greeted with a word of hope, and taught of Jesus, the great Physician who stands by every sick-bed and presides in every operating-room. Great as are the achievements of modern medical skill, still greater wonders will greet future generations who will make the hospital a monument to pure faith not less than to advanced science.

What is needed in a day of realism such as ours is a spiritualizing and not a discarding of material bene-

fits and agencies. A more intelligent, rather than a more frequent, use of the sacraments is the initial step to this end, not voiding them of their spiritual contents, but on the contrary seeing how much of God may be found in them. By this means the mind is trained to find abundant life in every nook and crevice of life. Take, for instance, our daily bread. Grace before meat is no bare formula. It is a steadfast opening of our nature to God's benefits so that we may draw from His bounty the fullest nourishment to be extracted. Grace should be a check on gluttony and intemperance, as well as a help to see God's hand operating forcefully on our physical being.

Again, sleep is faith's daily opportunity. A conscious surrender of ourselves to God before we commit our lives to the unconsciousness of sleep is to press feebleness close to the bosom of life, that we may be remade for the morrow. The day is for the expenditure of force, for anxiety, if you will. God expects us to bear our own burdens during our waking hours. But through the night He carries both us and them — *Thou shalt not be afraid for any terror by night.* We must learn to observe complete trust during the third of life spent in sleep, abandoning all to Him and His hosts during the hours of darkness. This is but justice to our toil. Worry by night results in ineffectiveness by day.

Of course death will be our portion in the end. There

will be a last sickness which will not retreat before our best efforts. Perhaps it will be a quick extinction of life's spark, perhaps the flickering out of a spent and guttered candle. But even then *they that be with us are more than they that be with them.* The horses and chariots of fire are at the door to bear the unclothed soul to the Source of life, to whom be all honour and glory forever and ever. Amen.

IV

RIOT AND HARMONY

IV

RIOT AND HARMONY[1]

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is riot; but be filled with the Spirit; speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord. Eph. v, 18, 19.

THIS contrast between false and true excitement, with riot as the upshot of the former and harmony that of the latter, is expressed with a graphicness and power as well as with a brevity and clearness that it would be difficult to excel. S. Paul knows the fundamental needs of human nature, and recognizes that we are so constituted as to demand as a right some stimulant to break the dead level of monotony. In his earnestness to warn men against the disastrous consequences of seeking gratification in a wrong way, he does not forget to point to the abiding source of inspiration.

There are few people, as we know, who are capable of enduring the colourless course of a routine life without variation or relief at however great intervals. Some persist in it from a stern sense of duty under the pressure of great love or imperative necessity. But it is more than ordinary flesh and blood can bear. Sometimes mind and body collapse under the strain,

[1] Preached in S. Stephen's Church, Boston, October 9, 1904.

sometimes the unnatural tension is snapped by a sudden plunge into moral recklessness, or excess of one kind or other. Monotony, however, is the prevailing tone of most men's lives, when, after the joyous moments of novelty which should mark the inception of a career have passed away, they have settled down to sober if not sombre cares and tasks from which release comes only with death. If you advance the thought that in our land, business itself is in many departments a constant whirl of excitement, I admit it; but the excitement none the less becomes monotony in that it has a single tone, and moments of superior stimulation are sought for as a necessity. But the vast majority reach out from the unsympathetic gray of the clouds that shroud them for that which will lift them into sunshine and mirth. Recreation in the shape of amusement and sport affords in part, but only in part, the relief we require. If we expect the part to do service for the whole we are sure to be disappointed, and the next step leads easily into some doubtful or bad course which ends in disaster.

False excitement is due to the abuse of God's creatures. I do not think that S. Paul is trying here to preach a temperance sermon, though he actually does so as a side issue in the course of reaching a broader thought. What he is looking for is some typical and pointed illustration of injurious stimulation, and he

finds it in that which was a common fault of his day as well as of our own, the excessive use of intoxicants. In loyalty to the Apostle's thought I shall deal only with that phase of the evil in question which I conceive to be harmonious with the context.

The grosser aspects and causes of drunkenness are not within the province of our present consideration. But if sottishness and stupid acquiescence in the approved modes of educating drunkards which prevail in the various states of society—dissipation for dissipation's sake, the absurd etiquette of treating, the modern dinner table with its vulgar assortment of glasses and surplusage of wines—are the palpable causes of inebriacy, the habitual appeal to intoxicants in increasing quantity as an artificial relief from worry or depression, and their use to induce that sparkle to wit and spirits which is coveted in social life, are the less coarse but equally effective companions in the crime. The false stimulation as a habit of any organ or function, whether it be of the appetite by the fashionable tonic of preprandial cocktails, or of the nervous system by drugs, is at first pleasurable, then necessary, and finally tyrannical. The temperament that is subject to moodiness and gloom, finding itself transfigured into a more oxygenic disposition by the free use of alcoholic beverages, easily turns to stimulants for relief, whereas the sure remedy lies in recourse to

other measures. Intellectual brilliancy lasting for a few hours may be gained through the same means. Charley Steele[1] is a true character. He won his unique oratorical speech and acuteness in court at the cost of his self-control, using as a flare, doomed to exhaust itself in a few years, the lamp that was designed to serve for a lifetime. Statesmen, orators, preachers, have fallen victims in scores to false stimulation. Perhaps they have lacked the courage to fight their way through the failures and depression which mark the pathway of the public speaker. Perhaps their ambition has prompted them to seek for that which will add artificial lustre to their natural endowments. I do not say that there may not be some men—though I believe them to be as scant as the grass in the desert—who are able to maintain this course through a long period without becoming open drunkards. But I contend that, in every case, they are calling in the aid of a false and unreal excitement, which from the first lowers the tone of character, and eventually leaves it stripped of its higher qualities, if nothing more serious happens. What should be said of the young man who at the close of his day's work, if not sooner, turns to false stimulation to be "toned up"? He has not the grit to bear the weariness that honest labour brings. Whatever may be the needs of declining life,

[1] The hero of Sir Gilbert Parker's *Right of Way*.

healthy youth has too much fire in its veins by nature to necessitate the constant importation of more from doubtful sources. I address myself to those who have that respect for their manhood that moves them to shun anything that will exclude them from a full share in the refinements of character, and inspires them to court those logical and wholesome inconveniences which are attached to plain living and high thinking. It may be that the extreme advocates of total abstinence do harm to the cause of temperance, but there seems to be a class of moderate drinkers who so blatantly and offensively parade their use of intoxicants, probably in the pride of self-control, as to do irreparable damage to the rising generation. While there is room for an honest difference of opinion on the general subject of the use of alcoholic liquors,—and, like most men, I have my own strong convictions on the subject, convictions which approximate those of S. Paul,—there can be no two opinions as to the evil of using them for the purpose of creating unhealthy excitement and false stimulation.

But we must not allow ourselves to forget that S. Paul is illustrating the principle of the abuse of good things and its consequence rather than exclusively dwelling upon a single though prominent instance of it. He could have found further illustrations as easily as I. Perhaps the identical one which occu-

pies my mind as second in order would have given him, as it gives me, equally forcible evidence that false stimulation is the abuse of God's creatures, or vice versa. I mean the insult to the dignity of sport and recreation known as gambling, whether in the shape of the coarsest form of betting, or the gilded phases of the vice that desecrate our drawing-rooms. Any game worthy of our attention has in itself ample power of distraction from care and of recreation to send us back to our work refreshed. Gambling imports into it the fever of unworthy and exhausting excitement. Sport belongs to God and as such ought to be promoted in its use and defended from abuse. The element of chance in many games is a good training in foresight and judgement which are of the highest value in human affairs where the prevailing law is that of probability. Only legitimate risk is run if the one thing at stake is the passing honour of victory. But when this element is courted as a means of securing income, or for the purpose of inducing the extreme of nervous excitement which is involved in playing for stakes, chance becomes a god. A trophy as an insignia of victory is a graceful and fitting close to a contest of skill. But how much finer and more dignified it would be if a simple token invariably associated with the game played were adopted, like the laurel crown of the old days, instead of articles of

commercial value which drag into the drawing-room the temper and vulgarity of the stock-market! The only barrier to prevent this reformation is that lust for a high temperature of the nerves which is as baneful as it is unrefined. We need a new school of sportsmen to arise, who will scorn gambling as the prostitution of recreation. But we need also a higher type of self-respect that will encourage men and women to discard the less worthy, where the more worthy is the natural and simple course.

S. Paul says that the end of false stimulation is "riot" (not "excess" as the King James Version has it). The ordinary arguments used to justify his assertion I will pass by and call upon the business world to express its mind in the matter. It is hard-headed, and its judgement is practical and sober.

Here, for instance, is a competent book-keeper, industrious, methodical and accurate. His employer has grown to put absolute trust in him. But one day he learns that his employee is not always steady. After hours there is more or less gaming. Or it may be that there are signs from time to time of dissipation. What happens? In the mind of the employer suspicion displaces trust, anxiety the restful satisfaction that a while since was never disturbed. Overt acts interfering with duty would bring swift judgement on the offender. But much less than this rouses apprehension,

and uninvited visions of a disarranged and tottering business, of peculation and disloyalty, stamp themselves on his consciousness. In other words the business mind instinctively believes that false stimulation is bound to issue in riot, confusion, disorder. The financial sense is keener to scent mischief than the lion his quarry. I need not take time to point out what every one knows, how dissipation is fatal to the order and success of the market. External irregularities, however, are only a token and symptom of antecedent and interior chaos. When S. Paul speaks of riot his reference is to disintegration and disorder within. Just as the head of a firm will guard his company's credit against the disastrous results of a dissipated employee, so will the man who lays store by his character and is bent upon its progress toward richer moral and spiritual culture fear the "riot" of which false stimulation is the certain author.

II

S. Paul's simile is nothing if not bold. *Be not drunk with wine. . . . Be filled with the Spirit.* Though after all it is not a new thought. *They are drunken, but not with wine; they stagger, but not with strong drink.*[1] *Therefore hear now this, thou afflicted, and drunken, but not with wine.*[2] This the prophecy. Then came the

[1] *Isa.* xxix, 9. [2] *Isa.* li, 21.

fulfilment when the mockers said, *These men are full of new wine*;[1] but S. Peter said, No, not of wine but of the Spirit. There was stimulation indeed; but all the distance between life and death separates inspiration from on high and intoxication. It is the excitation of the Spirit that is the true uplift for which life craves, which touches with colour the edges of the darkest clouds, which adds vitality of an enduring kind to the often exhaustion and feebleness that are our companions from start to finish.

The relation of the Spirit of God to men is sadly misunderstood. His presence is not only for one part of human personality, but for its totality. To be filled with the Spirit does not mean that the soul only should be submitted to His influence excepting in so far as by "soul" we mean "self." It is all so simple and real in the mind of the Apostle. The relation between the Spirit and the man is intimate and natural. We have but to open up by faith our lives and He flows in until we are filled. I have always thought that to be in the Spirit was a grander conception than that the Spirit should be in us; but of course the greater involves the lesser. It may be, too, that the former stands for that which God does for us—His supporting, protecting power; the latter for that which He does in and with us when our faculties are alive and active.

[1] *Acts* ii, 13.

I wish I could take for granted that the simple, obvious meaning of being filled with the Spirit were understood, and that many who ought to know better did not suppose it to be the mysterious, if not uncanny, endowment of fanatics, instead of the valuable and practical heritage of the normal life. In early times the presence of the Spirit without measure seems to have produced a sort of intoxication in some. The gift of tongues I do not pretend to understand.[1] But whatever strange phenomena may have been momentarily manifested here and there, or upon the more excitable temperaments, I cannot help being impressed by the fact that, in the case of S. Peter, Pentecost had the effect of producing an admirable sermon, logical, quiet and effective.[2] It was a wholesome stimulus. What it did for S. Paul, who on the basis of personal experience issued his exhortation to drink to the full of the wine of the Spirit, was to bless him with rare moments of peculiar exaltation;[3] to leave his motive as transparent, deep and sparkling as a diamond;[4] to give to his mind that right judgement in all things which is the nearest human approach to divine wisdom possible;[5] to make the purpose of his will buoy-

[1] S. Paul does not attach much importance to the gift (*1 Cor.* xiv).

[2] *Acts* ii, 14 ff.

[3] *2 Cor.* xii, 2.

[4] *Phil.* iii, 8.

[5] The singular good sense and practical ability that mark his active record.

ant as well as dogged, so that it goes dancing its way through shadows and difficulties, and reserves a swan-song of triumph for the end;[1] to deepen his intelligent reverence for the human body until it rolls out its stately measures in a superb hymn of resurrection[2] —in short, to give him true stimulation.

Natural endowments are gifts of the Spirit and form the foundation for the greater activities of the Author of life. Every person has his individual capacity which reaches its full growth by being filled with the Spirit.[3] Very frequently people are unaware of their capabilities, even of their gifts, until they begin living on familiar terms with God. But the wise and effectual exercise of what is exceptional in character is dependent on normality in that which is ordinary, so that it will bring us the greater profit to give our attention to the common things made uncommon by the indwelling Spirit.

The earlier passages in intimacy with God, brought about by self-surrender, prayer or moral effort, are usually brilliant. We find their analogue in the days of courtship when the bud of love begins to shiver with gentle joy. The emotional nature is touched first as being the most sensitive. It is apparently the rule that each new spiritual flight should bring its shower

[1] *Phil.* iv, 13; *2 Tim.* iv, 6–8. [2] *1 Cor.* xv.
[3] *1 Cor.* xii.

of inner joy.[1] This, however, is a matter over which we have no jurisdiction, but we will accept seasons of refreshment when they come.

1. There can be but one effect of the pressure of God's Spirit on motive—its simplification. The simplest life is God's life, but at the same time it is bewilderingly intricate. He spins worlds and superintends the inner economy of each—a complex occupation. But His name is love, that is, His motive is simple and pure, the only motive that is so. Motive is service in rest. Service is motive in activity. The law of love enunciated by Christ, as a motive is an ultimate. As an activity its simplest analysis, which determines direction and proportion, is its final analysis—Godward, manward; with wholeness of heart, soul and mind; equally with self. The Spirit will give us His own character—simplicity in complexity. The waste, the inner conflict, the discomfort, the feebleness of many motives, are displaced by the concentration, the unity, the peace, the power of one motive.

2. The Whitsuntide collect puts a balanced judgement at the very summit of the gifts of the Spirit. Sanity and common sense are widely valued and in the affairs of everyday life outweigh mere genius.

[1] In the career of Christ His identifying Himself with sinners had its vision (*S. Matt.* iii, 16, 17); His acceptance of death its Transfiguration (*S. Mark* viii, 31 to ix, 8).

But all the influence of inductive science will not give them, powerful as the pressure of natural facts is in its promotion of intellectual honesty. "The real stamp and impression of created objects as they are found in nature" at best only suggest the "ideas of the divine mind."[1] Wisdom comes from direct intercourse between the mind of God and the mind of man, added to the indirect mode of approach through the influence of the inductive sciences, or, to put it in other words, through accurate and independent observation. Intellectual honesty, fairness, soundness of judgement are not the creation of good resolutions, but the fruits of intimacy with a Mind possessing these qualities in their absolute degree.

3. The porch to the inner sanctuary of life, the will, is desire. Buddhism would annihilate it as the root of evil;[2] Christianity would fill it with the Spirit as a source of righteousness.[3] Desires pave heaven. "The will of man willing immortal things"—the will of man linked to purified desire—becomes the receptacle of the Spirit of power. Purpose rises into achievement—*I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.*

[1] *Novum Organum.*

[2] Sorrow, sorrow's cause (desire), sorrow's ceasing (the extirpation of desire)—the Buddhist formula.

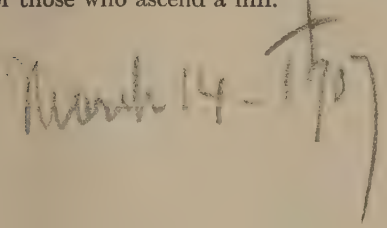
[3] "O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed," is the Christian's daily prayer. Cf. the Collect for Easter Day.

4. Then comes the body with its trembling frailties, humbly to kneel at the feet of God and ask that it be not left outside of the divine influence. The response to the petition is as certain as it is prompt—*Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost?*[1] The Spirit's entrance is not that of condescension, but of an owner coming with joy to His own. The kneeling body rises to its feet, with the rays of the resurrection already playing upon the brow, to prove itself the glad instrument of a single motive, a sane mind and a strong will.

This is the meaning of being filled with the Spirit, which flows into us through the various channels in which the Spirit-bearing body, the Church, abounds —sacraments, prayer, contemplation. This is the Christian ideal of life, a consummation not to be attained in a day, but after long marches through barren waste and over mountain heights, as well as in fertile fields and down refreshing glades. But it is a life of constant stimulation and wholesome excitement. The least varied career grows rich in colour under its spell. False stimulation ends in riot; the stimulation of the Spirit in music, in the singing life, in the melodious heart,—*speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord.* The music of the spheres is

[1] *1 Cor.* vi, 19.

the music of order where all the parts work in nicety of movement and harmony of purpose. The unification of the soul in itself with God and in its relation to all other souls is the reward of life in the Spirit, and the Spirit in life, as the redeemed of the Lord go carolling their way toward the unseen "with the step of those who ascend a hill."



V

COMPASSION

V

COMPASSION[1]

The nobleman saith unto him, Sir, come down ere my child die. Jesus saith unto him, Go thy way; thy son liveth. And the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way. S. John iv, 49, 50.

THE appeal of human helplessness to divine power is met by a response in excess of the fondest hope of the anxious father, who at most had expected that a cure would be evoked by the presence of Jesus on the spot. But the promptness of the Saviour's compassion ignores distance, brushes aside delay, and forthwith places the cool hand of healing on the fever-smitten body of the lad in Capernaum. The centurion had looked for another mode of procedure: his imagination had pictured a companionship and a journey; a questioning as to the nature of the complaint, its symptoms, its duration; a stretched-out hand, a word of command and an immediate cure. But it was all quite different. The response was as brief and pregnant as the appeal. Devoid of dramatic elements the incident is startling by virtue of its simplicity and absence of detail,—*Sir, come down ere my child die. Go thy way; thy son liveth.*

The whole story is told in a single breath. Jesus,

[1] Preached in S. Stephen's Church, Boston, October 16, 1904.

finding a man whom He knows He can deal with summarily, lays a severe strain upon his faith, not to break it, but to enlarge it. There had been pleading words from the centurion when he first approached Jesus, in which he seems to have laid stress upon the need of the Saviour's presence in his home. In the case of many it would doubtless have been necessary to accompany the petitioner before faith could have given sufficient opportunity to compassion. But the faith of the centurion was not some half-fledged thing unable to stir abroad. Fully feathered, it was balanced on the edge of the nest ready for that kind roughness that would launch it into space. Jesus imparted to it the requisite impetus, and its rapid flight to the bedside of the beloved son bore with it the healing decree, so that at the same hour when compassion spoke and faith rose on liberated wing and darted to its goal, the fever left the sick boy.

Divine compassion is always subject to call. It is not hesitant or uncertain. Its methods are as diverse as the members of the human race, always fitting the mode to the individual. When it applies its beneficence there is nothing chary in its endowments. The appeal may have been for one little stream of nourishment for a single flower, but the response breaks in a shower of rain on a whole garden. Effective aid leaps to the immediate relief of trouble — the boy is

healed, anxiety is assuaged. The same compassion that accomplished this work walks as a fair shadow with the returning parent, protecting his faith against the powers of unbelief. He has nothing but the spoken assurance of Jesus to sustain him. He must have had something of a battle to retain his hold on trust until the journey was ended and faith melted into knowledge—*Then enquired he of his servants the hour when his son began to amend. And they said unto him, Yesterday at the seventh hour the fever left him. So the father knew that it was at the same hour, in the which Jesus saith unto him, Thy son liveth: and himself believed, and his whole house.*[1]

But how is this? When Jesus uttered His mandate of healing it is said that *the man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto* him.[2] Why should it be again stated later on that *himself believed?* Is it mere tautology? I think not. A progress is delineated. At first the centurion's interest in Jesus is incidental, so to speak. A pressing need compels his attention toward Him who alone on earth appears as a probable succourer. When He stands forth as such the centurion believes that in this particular instance He will prove to be as good as His word. It is in such matters a short step from the particular to the general. I have seen a careless half-Christian parent breathe

[1] *S. John* iv, 52, 53. [2] Verse 50.

his first really earnest prayers over a sick child, and rise from his knees when the shadow has passed a devout believer in the permanent, personal providence of God. In the days to which the story of the healing of the centurion's son belongs any startling occurrence postulated divine interference. It was so with the centurion himself; only he and his household progressed from a belief in God as one who at odd times concerns Himself with the woes of men to the truer conception of His ceaseless superintendence of human affairs, and the assurance that He is always on the side of the needy and troubled.

There are certain kinds of generalization that we cannot be too cautious in making. But it is never rash to generalize regarding God's character from His incidental works of mercy. An act of compassion is indicative not of a momentary caprice, but of a nature in which is no variableness. Compassion does not always follow the same programme. But however it expresses itself it is never less than merciful, weighing to the last pennyweight the interests of the individual. When some of those permanent aches which never cease on earth break forth; when there is no release from, no voice of consolation for, a sorrow; when nature in a spasm of agony in tempest, earthquake or fire swallows human life in multitudes, we have nothing to assure us that God is compassionate, but His

word, and that experience of suffering, which He voluntarily embraced in the Incarnate life, which in turn preaches the impotence of the worst to do aught but exalt the children of God. There is naught else; but what there is suffices.

It is not difficult to believe that God is on our side when the circumstances of life are favourable to us, though as a matter of fact the comfortable people who have a prosperous and untroubled life are the most impervious of all to any deep conception of God. But a serious-minded person, looking abroad from the windows of a sheltered, happy life on the suffering of the multitudes, is not satisfied in concluding that God is good to him. He does not wish to be God's darling, pampered and favoured at the expense of neglect to the majority. If his love is more than an emotion he will be moved to identify his lot in some real way with that of the masses, thus acting out the truth and bearing witness to the inherent fitness of the Incarnation. God is love. Viewing suffering life, He identified Himself with it. Therefore *He was Incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man.* There was nothing else to do. The logic of human love insists upon this course; much more the logic of divine love.

That which we wish to be assured of is the compassion of God as a fixed fact which we can rest in, not because we and ours are fat and well-liking, not be-

cause we were in trouble and God rescued us, but because its features are so strong and clear that they shine through the blackness of the darkest night. It is an undeniable truth that those who have had the deepest acquaintance with woe are least doubtful of God's compassion.

Thou art far off, and puttest us to confusion: and goest not forth with our armies.

Thou makest us to turn our backs upon our enemies: so that they which hate us spoil our goods.

Thou lettest us be eaten up like sheep: and hast scattered us among the heathen.

Thou sellest thy people for naught: and takest no money for them.

Thou makest us to be rebuked of our neighbours: to be laughed to scorn, and had in derision of them that are round about us.

Thou makest us to be a by-word among the heathen: and that the people shake their heads at us.

My confusion is daily before me: and the shame of my face hath covered me;

For the voice of the slanderer and blasphemer: for the enemy and avenger.

And though all this be come upon us, yet do we not forget thee: nor behave ourselves frowardly in thy covenant.

Our heart is not turned back: neither our steps gone out of thy way;

No, not when thou hast smitten us into the place of dragons: and covered us with the shadow of death.[1]

[1] *Psalm* xliv, 10 ff.

It is not fancy but the verdict of history that the darkest night holds in its black sheath the most piercing ray. Woe incurable on earth is not the whimsical play of God's whip on the shoulders of human frailty. It is the scabbard of compassion working out, as in society so in the individual, an *exceeding weight of glory*. It is not that we wish as the main thing immediate relief from suffering, but assured relief. Commensurate compensation, an effect that will pay with full interest for the pain of the process, the revelation at last of a God with an unimpeachable character, is what we justly demand. The men of sorrow, whose acquaintance with grief cannot be surpassed, are the ones who say most confidently that God's compassions fail not and that His mercy endureth forever. *Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword? As it is written, For thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter. Nay, in all these things we are more than conquerors through him that loved us. For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.*[1]

[1] *Rom.* viii, 35 ff.

In such works of compassion as the days of Jesus exhibited, as well as in those of our experience, we have God's ability to handle suffering illustrated, and His purpose finally to banish it from human life foreshadowed. We must never allow ourselves to suppose anything like favouritism to be associated with His deeds of mercy. Mercy's free exercise and some of its passing manifestations are more or less dependent on the exercise of faith; but towering above these, brooding over writhing humanity as a mother over her sick babe, presides inextinguishable compassion, playing with scarred hands on the jangling notes of discordant life, and working out undying harmony.

Because God is compassion every human pang is a petition to Him that He will draw closer to human life. Doubt and perplexity call to His wisdom, sickness and sorrow to His pity, penitence to His clemency. It is characteristic of His close attention to mundane affairs that the feeblest moan does not escape His notice. The sufferers themselves tell us so. Could we have truer or more reliable witnesses? Cool philosophers speak hesitantly. Disciples of the painful life from Job to Christ, and from Christ to His latest suffering follower, are the champions of divine justice and compassion. Were the witnesses anything less than what they are, we might doubt that what the world knows of God's mercy is known from those

who have had the heaviest burdens and the hardest blows. The record of the life of Jesus is an historical assurance that God is on our side, and that He finds strong foothold in man's extremity. The wounded and weak world claimed and won Him. The doubt of Thomas evoked the most dazzling of all His resurrection manifestations, culminating in the Apostle's recognition of His full divinity. There is no instance of a sick man passed by unrelieved. He illustrates God's command of death by restoring for a longer career young life whose course on earth had been cut short. Dumb penitence and the spectacle of waste in character afford occasion for such visions of forgiveness as otherwise we could not have had. Everywhere and always great human woes become indicative under His touch, not of God's absence, but of His special presence. Out of their depths He speaks to us of His essential character and His final purposes.

In the beautiful Gospel incidents in which wounded life is pictured as being bound up and healed by a word or a touch, we are to find not only or chiefly a promise to us that in our day we may expect a repetition of singular exhibitions of compassion. We shall doubtless have a sprinkling of them. But they will be only in such measure as to keep steadily before us that assurance of the final issue of suffering as will enable us to endure. When across the heavens of the

ordinary the comet of the extraordinary shoots, there is wonder for only nine days. Less positive aid comes to mankind from the unique and exceptional than from that common thing, an unbroken life of pain spent in the quiet tasting and teaching of God's compassion.

It is of practical importance to us to learn by experience that need is a token not of God's absence, but of His presence. To aid those in need, then, means a nearer approach to God by those who extend the helping hand. Every time we try to succour others we place ourselves on God's side. This is especially true in what is called mission work. The first hands that greet the missionary as he enters his field are not those of possible converts, but of Christ who is waiting for that human coöperation upon which He depends.

It is a beautiful thing that comparatively few persons are absorbed in their own sorrows. The sick think of the trouble they are causing their fellows, the dying of the grief that is desolating their relatives. The wounded soldier in the act of lifting his canteen to his lips arrests his hand to pass the precious drops of water to a comrade who lies at his side. The heaviest sorrows are not our own. It is well that it is so. To dwell on our own disease is to aggravate it. Like King Uther of the age of chivalry, if we would get the better of our enemies and promote the highest cause, we must not plead our own troubles as an excuse for ab-

senting ourselves from the battlefield. Like him we may die there, but at any rate we shall have contributed to success. The world wishes to be convinced that God is a God of compassion, and those have a choice opportunity to read its features and deliver a message who fearlessly and hopefully move thither where God invariably abides.

VI
DEDICATION

VI

DEDICATION[1]

Then spake Solomon, . . . I have surely built thee an house to dwell in, a settled place for thee to abide in forever. . . . And the Lord said unto him, I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, to put my name there forever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually. 1 Kings viii, 13; ix, 3.

WHEN the prophet was casting about for a simile expressive of a fine quality and high measure of joy, he found it in the joy of the harvesters—*They joy before thee according to the joy in harvest.*[2] It is distinguished from other joys in that it is long anticipated as a climax to faithful toil and patient watching. First comes the laborious preparation of the soil, then the planting, and lastly the anxious weeks when, if rain and sunshine are loyal to their duty, the green shoots develop into the yellow grain and invite the reaper to thrust in his sickle and reap.

Such was the gladness of the Israelites when the Temple of Solomon was dedicated to Jehovah. David prepared, Solomon executed, the achievement. The

[1] Preached at the dedication of the Choir and Organ of All Saints' Cathedral, Albany, on November 15, 1904.

[2] *Isa.* ix, 3.

older king had aspired to build, and the intensity of his desire is written in a sacred poem, telling

How he sware unto the Lord: and vowed a vow unto the Almighty God of Jacob:

I will not come within the tabernacle of mine house: nor climb up into my bed;

I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber: neither the temples of my head to take any rest;

Until I find out a place for the temple of the Lord: an habitation for the Mighty God of Jacob.[1]

But God saw fit to give it to other hands to do, because of *the wars which were about him on every side.* It was reserved for David's son to lay the foundations and through twenty years to direct the work, until the last pillar was crowned and the last figure graved and set. Then came the joy according to the joy in harvest, a joy which we understand to-day because we are experiencing the selfsame thing, in that history repeats itself in the offering which we are engaged in making to God as we lay at His feet and set apart for holy purposes this stately Sanctuary, a church within a church, with its tuneful Organ.

The first stage in your great purpose has reached its consummation. Deliberately placed stones will complete the noble edifice in the course of time, weaving passages from the history of a Church and

[1] *Psalm* cxxxii, 2 ff.

of a Nation into its walls. That which has been accomplished determines the high character which must distinguish what still remains to be done.

I enter into the joy which moves your chief Pastor, my revered father in God and beloved friend, as he offers to God that which is at once a monument and symbol of his life's work. And my heart beats in unison with yours, my brethren, all of whom have a lot and share in this good gift. Its treasures are more than those of carved stone and storied window. Love is inwrought in the fabric. The offerings of the poor, made precious by self-sacrifice, the munificence of the rich, clad in devotion, the memorials of the departed, proclaiming unbroken love and chastened grief, put a throbbing heart and a human voice into the workman's art. The golden nail has been driven after two decades of toiling and waiting and watching, and nothing remains but to leave your gift upon the Lord's altar, with *joy according to the joy in harvest*, as the "pealing anthem swells the note of praise." My privilege it is to take your emotions as their volume mounts to me, and voice them as my power of utterance allows.

I have invoked the aid of a passage of ancient history to guide our thoughts. But we may not look on the dedication of Solomon's Temple as a mere historic event carrying in its bosom old-world ideas

long since superseded. Rather is it an illustrative and typical incident which stands as a pattern for the ages. It is the first recorded instance of that religious act which finds its fullest expression in the consecration of a Christian church. It has two aspects,—that which we do and that which God does. It is no one-sided drama acted out before a dumb deity. The divine movement unites with the human in antiphonal accord. We present an offering: God receives a gift. We issue an invitation: He becomes a guest. The time-worn Jewish words grace our Christian lips—*I have surely built thee a house to dwell in, a settled place for thee to abide in forever*, we say. To which God replies, as to Solomon of old, *I have heard thy prayer and thy supplication, that thou hast made before me: I have hallowed this house, which thou hast built, and put my name there forever; and mine eyes and mine heart shall be there perpetually.*

We make an offering. It is of the best, not merely in that we have placed rich material at the disposal of skilled workmen who have executed a worthy task, but also because the lines of the architecture employed are the noblest known, the product of devotion. It is notable that religion inspires the best human achievements. Devotion equips man to do what else would never be done. The sacred bell which all the engineering skill of British hands and brains failed

to raise from its watery grave was rescued by the stubborn might of Buddhist piety.[1] The greatest literature, the purest art, the noblest architecture, the finest music, each and all were called into being by men whose eyes were riveted on the face of God.

Yonder organ, almost human in its ordered phrases and multiform power of expression, almost divine in its power to speak of God, is the queen of musical instruments finding her home in God's house. The organ is to the world of music what the Bible is to literature, the Sistine Madonna to art, Durham Cathedral to architecture. The power of the secular is borrowed from religion's triumphs. Our gift to-day, whether in the frozen music of its towering walls or in the organ's liquid tones which send their waves lapping upon the beach of heaven, is the cumulative monument of historic belief lived out through the ages and breaking forth anew as witness that in modern times the eternal verities preserve their ancient potency.

This is our gift. Its worthiness consists in the fact that like the Tabernacle of old it has been constructed after a divine pattern. It came from God, and we but give Him His own. That which was already His becomes His in a new sense. He does with it as He does with all that is offered to Him,—He

[1] *The Burman and His Notions.*

uses it for our benefit, not removing it from us, but returning it to be employed henceforth only in conjunction with Him and the working out of His purposes on earth.

If there is joy on earth in the giving, there is joy, too, in heaven in the receiving. The divine pulse keeps time, beat for beat, with the pulse of men, and the celestial choir mingle their music with our hymns. God's joy is that of the parent, who has received from His children's hands a tribute of love, the substance of which originally came from the parental bounty, though running through its fabric is the slender thread of filial devotion, which makes it precious with distinctive worth in a father's eyes.

We have no shadow of doubt that He receives our offering, and accepts our invitation to dwell within this house, which we have built for Him as a settled place wherein He may abide forever. Solomon seems to have had some fear—*Will God indeed dwell on earth? Behold the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee; how much less this house that I have builded.*[1] Human experience has long since assured us that God always accepts man's invitations issued in desire, intuitive or expressed, for His delights are among the sons of men. The history of revelation is the story of man's petition and God's response com-

[1] *1 Kings* viii, 27.

ing in orderly fashion in the successive steps of climbing progress. There is an artist's conception of the Annunciation which illustrates the thought. The Maiden Mother is at prayer, asking that the fulness of the time be hastened that Messiah may come, when, lo! the announcing angel gives her greeting and tells her that the hour has struck for His approach and that He will find lodgement in her womb. Scripture never hesitates to represent God as localizing Himself. The Incarnation is the classic instance. It will be a sad day for human life when we cease to act on this proven fact of the experience of all the centuries. With the intoxication of novelty some have seized the great truth of immanence, and wrested it from its setting, until they have made Him less near than if His transcendence held supreme sway. To have eyes for a single phase of truth is to annul its power. Place God on a dead level everywhere and you will soon be able to find Him nowhere. He will fade into a passive influence or a blundering force, whose pressure never varies and who has no fine perception of individual life.

Personal religion presupposes the localization of God, though not such localization as necessitates His withdrawal from the rest of the world. He seeks for the one lost sheep, but He does not leave the ninety and nine unshepherded. God is everywhere because

He is infinite; He is in special places because He is Personality. There are degrees of the divine presence graded according to His will and our need, and varying in character according to the manifold aspects of His being. In the sacraments He is present to pardon and feed. Our altars are scantily furnished with guests wherever the Holy Communion is denuded of God's presence by too jealous a protest against a false conception of that presence. The times are ripe for the eloquence of convinced assertion that God's presence in His sacraments is intense and real; about the manner of His presence we can afford to be dumb without loss.

A special presence never means an exclusive presence, but rather a presence for a special purpose. He accepts our invitation to come into this sanctuary as His settled abiding-place. He hallows it and puts His name here forever: His eyes and His heart will be here perpetually. This, however, does not imply that He has come to us from some point outside of the universe, or that He has deserted the forest's lofty aisles and ceased to rock the cradle of the sea. By coming here He is not less there. But in His temple He holds for men a manifestation of His character which may not be had in the beauties of nature. It is in the latter as in the former days,—the glory of the Lord fills the House.[1]

[1] *1 Kings* viii, *2*.

Here New Jerusalem, all pure and bright,
Descends from God, in bridal vesture dight.

The years will pass, the faces of worshippers will change, but God's presence will not grow dim nor His glory die. His eyes and His heart will be here perpetually. No laden soul will kneel before this altar without drawing to itself His personal attention and love.

The name which has been given to this Cathedral is indicative of that phase of divine manifestation which we may look for in its shrine. God has placed His name here as the God of All the Saints. His broad vision will become yours as with missionary zeal you stretch out arms of succour to the ends of the earth. Already have you touched with generous hand the distant work which claims my efforts. Free from the taint of parochialism you will aid life in the weaker spots in the Diocese, contributing of your wealth to their poverty, calling in the isolated and harassed clergy from time to time to share in your privileges, focusing the interests of all the churches, defending the rights of each. The only justification in America for the reproduction of the Cathedral system, adapted to new world conditions, is as a missionary agency, an enemy to self-interest, a friend of All the Saints.

In a Cathedral, too,—and may we not say especially in this Cathedral?—we have reason to expect that God

will make Himself known as the God of the Nation. In European Cathedrals state functions have their ecclesiastical expression as a conventional necessity springing out of an artificial compact between Church and State. With us the only necessity that exists is one of fitness that national affairs and national occasions should not want for solemn observance before the Cathedral altar. The absence of an alliance between the civil and the ecclesiastical is not for the purpose of secularizing the former, but of throwing into relief its distinctive and inherent sanctity. The Church would do honour to her own divine mission, not less than to that of the Nation, if she were to give the same recognition to those prophets of the Nation who wear the name of patriots, as the Nation on state occasions gives to the Church's dignitaries and representatives. On national holidays it would be a gain if the foremost patriot available, irrespective of political creed or sectarian belief, were asked to speak from the pulpit in clear terms of our country's opportunity and responsibility. Patriotism is not to be decried, but exalted. Our international peace is no more to be furthered by a minimizing of national claims than the social welfare by a discounting of family ties. Give patriotic sentiment a place in worship and patriotic speech utterance within the Church's walls, and regard for the nation will grow in purity and power.

Not only is our ecclesiastical order peculiarly harmonious with the framework of the nation's life in that it has allowed, as in the early days of Christianity, the Nation to bring its glory and honour into it, but this particular Cathedral has a position favourable above the common to the exaltation of the national destiny. On this spot in 1754, twenty years before the Continental Congress met, Franklin unfolded before the representatives of seven colonies his plan for federal union, a forecast of the unity that was to be. Though it was rejected because no need was felt at the moment for extraordinary measures, it did not die. Today it lives in the blood of a Nation. The very soil of Albany speaks of the country's past and incites to the defence of our liberties.

A stone's throw hence in this capital city stands the emblem and instrument of the lesser patriotism which, without conflicting with federal loyalty, has privileges, responsibilities and rights all its own. Within the halls of your Capitol, statesmen, legislators, orators, jurists, have guided your destinies, enacted your laws, inspired your enthusiasm, dispensed your justice. The shadow of the Capitol all but kisses the shadow of the Cathedral, each clad in its individual dignity and commissioned with distinct but kindred errands. May they ever continue to approximate one another, preserving their functional distinctions while pressing toward a

single purpose! It is fitting indeed that historic monuments should be embedded in these walls, and as time proceeds on its course, that the record of our Nation's life should leave fresh marks upon the growing structure as it moves from stage to stage of progress toward completion. It is fitting, too, that your first Bishop should be, through a long episcopate, one who, in the large cares of ecclesiastical oversight, has never allowed himself to forget the duties of citizenship, but has won the name of a conserver of the Nation's honour, and a statesman in his grasp of her affairs. In the illustrious evening of his life he bears in his bosom the heart of a patriot.

Historic associations, happy coincidences, deliberate purpose, combined with the avowed character of the genus Cathedral, unite to press upon our attention the missionary and national aspects of this edifice, which the future must deepen and justify. There are some ideals so lofty as to seem to small minds impossible, and to false humility too sacred, for the aspiration of ordinary men. These are they which God would have us embrace, that the world-wide concerns of His Kingdom may be advanced, and the peace and justice of the Nation's life be promoted, by means of the sanctuary which on this festival occasion we have presented and the most high God has hallowed, wherein His eyes and heart shall be perpetually.

VII

THE COMMENDABLE DEBT

VII

THE COMMENDABLE DEBT[1]

Owe no man anything, but to love one another. Rom. xiii, 8.

THE simile of which S. Paul avails himself is bold. He bids us avoid all debt save that which, try as we may, no one can pay off. The debt of love is commendable. The more we pay the more we have to contribute, and the greater the capital from which to draw. But the recognition of the debt with the consequent effort to liquidate it, though leaving us with the debt unpaid, fulfils the law of life.

Love is the law of life. Its higher flights create the home which it afterwards transfigures; it adorns the nation that it moulds into one people; it marries to God the race in which it becomes Incarnate. It contributes to literature its substance, to fiction its sentiment, to art its fancy. Its distortion fills the maw of tragedy, weaves the robe of woe, dethrones the being made after a divine model.

Early love is intuitive, and before the mind is wide awake to the world it plays upon the strings of the emotions in the infant soul. When the intellect is still a fledgeling, in the normal course of affairs love

[1] Preached in S. Bartholomew's Church, New York, at the annual meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary of the Diocese, on S. Andrew's Day, 1904.

begins to be rational and moulds itself into winsome shapes, ever making braver and longer flights upward and outward until it touches and is touched by God, embraces and is embraced by mankind. In its childhood it finds its chief vocation in using its powers to court the love of others, in its maturer age it asserts its power by placing itself at the disposal of the weak and the unloved. No one who has lived deeply will deny that the greater good consists in loving, rather than in being loved, though of course the two intertwine their roots and branches.

Perhaps the least developed aspect of love is that which expresses itself in a just measurement of our neighbour, a capacity which takes its beginning in an effort to understand others. The larger part of human strife is engendered, or at any rate fanned into a flame, by indifference to the standpoint of our fellows. The calm of Christ's love, which pervades the record of His course among men, does not diminish its volume or its passion. Its secret is found in His study and understanding of the depths of the human nature upon which He spends Himself. Purely emotional love may take the citadel of the heart by storm, but that which lasts as an immortal power for good is untheatrical and reasoned before it is heroic and instinctive. Unlike the glamour of romantic passion, it submits itself gladly to analysis, revealing new

points of beauty under the operation. Love is not magic. Its symmetry is perfected only when the complete triad, heart and soul and mind, are under its sway.

It is the debt to man that S. Paul says is unpayable—*owe no man anything, but to love one another.* It would be superfluous to argue concerning our inability to love God as we should. "One another" implies the full sweep of the love owed by man to man. It points to the limits of time and the farthest horizon of life. As long as there is another, unloved, beyond those we love, the debt clamours for more lavish payments. Not that I am thinking of a substitute for loving and serving the man next you. You could as easily put on the roof of a house before the timbers of its walls were reared, as love those who are far off without first loving those who are near. Love begins at home. There are some whose wisest course would be to cease awhile from too feverish labours for distant races, and lay their arms with heightened warmth about their nearest and their own. Those, too, there are who, having nothing but a shallow interest in personal religion and their own characters, are not yet prepared to minister broadly, for one who is indifferent to his own salvation could hardly hope to benefit his neighbour by loving him as himself, which is the standard measure of love.

But, presupposing tolerable faithfulness to primary duties and obvious claims, human life is dissatisfied with local concerns. It is only the absolutely selfish life that is content thus. We were made for wide comradeship and can be satisfied with nothing else. Life needs space, without which we are doomed to grow up as a tree in sapless soil or in a crowded corner.

Physically we need space. There are times when it is good to stand on a mountain-top with nothing between our bodies and heaven, and appropriate with the eye the world that lies at our feet. The universe is none too roomy for the frame that holds one soul. From the first, restless human feet would not abide at home, but roamed abroad by land and sea till the globe was circled.

The mind also needs space. It dies if it is confined to local thought alone. It must have opportunity to unfurl its wings and soar. Education is the emancipation of the intellect, leading it forth into the whole realm of thought, past and present.

But most of all the soul craves space. No limits may be placed upon its excursions. It should be stirred to bathe itself in the glow of heaven which can be tasted only when the loftier regions are attained, and no spiritual teacher is true to his opportunity or his solemn trust who would make the interests of his children narrower than humanity.

We of this era are privileged above our forbears. We are born into a world-consciousness. When life is still young we are taught "to think in continents" and run the centuries through our fingers as a child the sand of the seashore. We begin our journey with the utmost parts of the earth in our possession. What is more keen and alert for friendship than a little one? His love may be had for the asking. He lays siege to every heart. But the society that he can reach with an outstretched arm is not enough. He is greedy for tales that will put him in touch with far-off nations and other worlds. The men and women of yesterday flock into his heart without filling it. The wee life is too big to be fully peopled by the universe of facts. Fiction and Wonderland spread their feast at his feet without surfeiting him. The fairies, dainty, wholesome sprites, come trooping to his aid and dance through the day-dreams of his youth.

Manhood dawns, and with it broadening capacity. The men of yesterday, from Moses to Lincoln, and from Lincoln to Phillips Brooks, are our fast friends, sitting daily at our hearth. Desdemona and Jean Valjean, Anne of Geierstein and Adam Bede,—men and women who came to life at the bidding of the pen,—are comrades and counsellors to us. The world of business into which we pass runs its threads across the earth's great frame, and that we may know how to

play our part at the loom of toil, we watch the shuttle as it speeds from America to Europe, from Europe to the Orient, and thence again to our own small factory. We would call ourselves fools to confine our attention to local politics. The world is one, and we are alive to the fact that our own national welfare can best be studied in relation to the movements of the nations of the world. Home affairs are not slighted if we follow the fortunes of peoples known to us only by name. The past and the present, the near and the far off, are our heritage, and day by day new contributions of knowledge and an extending horizon of observation keep the world large enough for us to live and move in.

We do not exclude from our consideration the highest interests of the race. These are the logical summit of a tower with many pinnacles crowned by heaven and God's eternal purpose. Every honestly religious man concerns himself with the character and influence of beliefs other than his own. The study of comparative religions is made easy by the abundance of literature on the subject which enriches our times, a witness in itself to the importance attached by modern men to a full knowledge of creed and conduct far and near. In the case of the Christian who is ignorant of, or indifferent to, the progress of Christianity, especially if he be one who is awake to international

affairs, and keeps in daily touch with the movements of distant peoples, there is something radically wrong. His creed proclaims his belief in Jesus Christ as the Desire of Nations, the Saviour of the world; his conduct, in everything but its attitude to religion, that the ends of the earth are his concern, within his reach and under his observation. The least that he can do is to be posted regarding the progress of his King's affairs. A missionary library of many volumes is at his disposal, in which he can find what he will, from the descriptive account of current events to the philosophic and historic discussion of ethnic religions. Christendom's greatest need to-day is that the record of its labours abroad should have a fair reading and its claims a fair hearing, and be included as part of the equipment of a well-informed man, something he would be ashamed to be without. It is not as though an artificial diet were being prescribed for him. It is the food which his natural appetite craves as he reaches out for world-comradeship. It is astonishing, and to me unintelligible, that even among the clergy are those who conceive their whole duty to consist in putting themselves and their parishioners into touch with the missionary movements of ancient times, and the theological conclusions of yesterday. Catholicity requires that we should also know thoroughly the activities and thought of modern

Christendom at home and abroad, or else forfeit our catholic character, whatever be our name. I said at the beginning that justice, springing from understanding, is an aspect of love that needs emphasizing, a statement that is especially applicable to the case in point.

If it is natural for us to cultivate a world-wide consciousness and promote a world-wide interest, it is Christian to build on the well-laid foundation and rear the walls of a world-wide love expressing itself in activities that girdle the earth. There is something magnetic in the thought that we have capacity for affinity of such magnitude. Experience shows us that there is no false note in the love which simple folk, lovers of Christ, bear to men and women and children of foreign climes. It is interested, consistent, self-sacrificing. Bred of pity that others should be destitute of the riches of life in Christ, it later takes concrete shape, as converts to the truth stand forth, in grateful relief, to justify the venture of faith and join the circle of catholic friendship. The Christian's world-wide love is not a hot-house product, but is the logic of Christian life. It is as natural to those who have recognized and yielded to the fundamental Gospel claims as world-wide consciousness of affairs political is natural to the statesman.

There are two standpoints from which to view the call to universal love, — that of unwon peoples and un-

cared-for needs which are the solicitude of the missionary, and for which he asks support; and that of the unfilled lives and half-developed characters in Christian lands for whose welfare and happiness, not less than the good of the unenlightened, Christ issued His command to gather into His fold and fellowship the nations of the earth. Both are equally cogent, being the two sides of a common cause, and summing up a primary law of the higher life. There are two vital forces, the one making with all its might for the circumference, the other with equal intensity for the centre. To heed the former alone is to fly into the destruction of dissipation; to heed the latter alone is to court death by isolation and self-concentration. It takes the two forces together to bring about the equilibrium and poise of freedom. By rounding out the family of God we round out the individual character. Such as are not timid in committing their fortunes to the twofold principle, so far from being torn asunder, will learn to live, and will gain a Pisgah view of God's ideal commonwealth which lies nearer human ken than do the valleys of our continent.

April 3 - 1907

VIII

CHRISTMAS HASTE

VIII

CHRISTMAS HASTE[1]

They came with haste, and found both Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger. St. Luke ii, 16.

THESE shepherd lads animate the Christmas story with their racing feet, as a generation later two running disciples the Easter narrative, illustrating the demeanour of every earnest character in the presence of a new phase of truth. Vehement desire binds wings to the feet. The sound of cool, running water heard by the thirst-stricken fawn, hunted and weary, rouses in it a fleetness that exceeds its fastest pace when its coat is sleek with contentment and its veins flooded with untapped vitality. The mother-bird, homeward bound, adds speed to speed as the hungry twitter of her unfledged brood falls on her ear. The lover ignores the laws of space when his betrothed calls him to her side. Need rouses desire; responsibility challenges capacity. Few of us have heard our desire sing its full song; few have plumbed the true depth of our own capacity. Could I do nothing more this day I should feel I had done much were I able to convince you that each has an untouched fund of enthusiasm richer than all that you have expended, and

[1] Preached in S. Stephen's Church, Boston, on Christmas Day, 1904.

that your capacity is larger far than you even dream of.

The human soul, dissatisfied with the world's best, with appetite whetted rather than appeased by past experience, however rich its banquet, breaks all its fetters when a new vision of God dissolves despair in hope, and emancipates latent forces within the life. It forgets to calculate, as it leaps to meet its newest fate. So they made haste—those shepherd folk—because the parched lips of high desire were within reach of cooling streams, because the restless wings of human searching were but an arrow's flight from home, because the in-coming tide of God's love had caught human capacity in its resistless embrace to carry it to life's goal.

The King who was a Saviour had come, so the message said,—the message that was a song. Heaven was so full of the good news that it forgot its age-long habit of silence. The message must go abroad—anywhere. It happened to spill out on a group of shepherds. It might have lighted upon other men elsewhere, but these were simple souls and so could understand profound things. The song danced down the lines of light the rays of which the shepherds could see, for their senses were trained to acuteness by a natural way of living. They were not blindfolded by the love of sordid things, nor calloused by the greed of gain. Kindred characters in the far-off bosom of the Orient

fared similarly as the message smote them with the sceptre of a star, for they, too, sages though they were, made wisdom wait on simplicity. While these latter girded their loins for a long journey, the shepherds left their sheep to the care of the merry stars, and hastened to Bethlehem to reach the core of things, to press within the veil. They went not with the blackness of the night veiling their eyes, but in the radiance of a vision. Forgetful of self—happy impulse of memory!—they looked with eager intentness into the depths of revelation. Past cot and fold they sped, past home and crowded inn, until they reached the palace gate. Within, the smoking torch, the lowing beast, the silent, watching man, the happy mother, and the Babe.

They made haste and pressed by Joseph and Mary, not with rude brusquerie but with Eastern courtesy, to fix their eyes on that which held the attention of the two. And what is it they see? In the embrace of the manger-bed a Babe. There is nothing to distract from His human babyhood—no lace-fringed trappings, no dainty coverlet, no golden spoon. Coarse swathing-bands enfold Him, the kindly straw is His cushion, a mother's breast His only comfort. He who was above nature left no room for doubt that He was a part of nature. His poverty was not a curse. Artificial creations would have shut Him out of His inhe-

ritance. If you wrap a seed in gold-leaf before you plant it, no matter how royal it is, you doom it to unfruitful death: commit it to the friendly soil and it will joyously die into new life. The world of "things" is a tyranny, and would have been to Christ as the fetters of a criminal. He possessed nothing that He might possess everything in earth and sea and sky.

There was no disappointment on the part of the shepherds at what they beheld. The angel had not failed to note either manger or swathing-bands. They expected to see only what they saw. There was no incongruity between the divine dignity of the Child and the lowly character of His surroundings. The shepherds saw both the one and the other—the Saviour Lord and the peasant poverty. We know how they were moved, for we have their own report of that which happened. The things they heard and saw were not contradictory, and for both they praised God. The artist's eye in after days was not the first to perceive the glory about the head of the infant Christ. The shepherds saw it. The vision and the song of the hillside were found again in new form in the manger. All the glory of heaven was there radiating from the commonest of sights,—childbirth in poverty.

One day a man sat by the village pond and spent long hours casting pebbles into the water. The people of the place passed by and laughed at this grown-up

man wasting his time at child's play. The artist, for such he was, gave small heed to the amusement of the rustics. He was engrossed in noting the thousand varying lights and shadows upon the miniature waves called into being at his bidding. In the movement of the pond he discerned the life and temper of the ocean, one moment dancing and sparkling in summer mood, or again, sullen and foaming under the lashing of the tempest. His day's task done, on the morrow he paints a picture of the sea smiling back glad colours to the sun and sky. Then he seizes his brush once more, and this time the canvas becomes boisterous with the tumult of a storm. Livid billows, flinging their anger on a doomed ship, lick the wreck clean of spars and men, and tell the world what Turner saw in the small compass of the village pond. He had gone thither with a vision and saw that which he foresaw.

When day first broke on the new-born Saviour the pilgrim who chanced into the stable saw no palace or King. His heart was smitten with pity, perhaps, at the plight of the carpenter's wife, but he perceived nothing to draw him to his knees by the manger-side. No new hope was kindled in his breast, no marvel woke his sluggish nature. God has to anoint the eyes of men with a vision before they can see the realities that lie beneath the cloak of common things. What to one is but a shelter from the weather, or a

triumph of architecture, is to the enlightened the shrine wherein God dwells. That which to some is common bread and wine, or a bare suggestion and a memory, to others is the living Christ struggling to reach His people through the least crevices of the universe. It is easy, but fatal, to minimize the God in Christ and make Him a common man, but having done it there is no space left for Christmas haste. The sparkle fades from the eye and the speed from the feet, desire dies of thirst and capacity for want of exercise, when the twilight faith of mathematical logic spreads its chilly mantle over the glow of truth. Our mission is to cram all things full of God, and not to see how much of the divine we may strip away without leaving the world common and unclean. We shall envy and not condemn such as behold God's very self in church and Bible, ministry and sacrament. Happy are they who amid the straw and hay of a stable can see the blaze of heaven's light! Let us try to emulate them. There is no stroke from the pen of honest criticism, no disentombment of ancient tablet, no discovery of modern science, which can do aught to religion beyond tempering sentiment with reason and casting light on mystery. Logic is valuable, but it will be infallible only when the last fragment of knowledge has been captured—a distant prospect in view of the fact that our utmost possession to-day is

a tiny fraction of the whole. But logic has power in skilful hands. You can do anything you like with it —especially can you destroy. It is an obedient servant, and, with a little assumption here and there, which the average eye is unable to perceive, argument can remove mountains and turn a picturesque country into a monotonous desert. It beats its ploughshares into swords and its pruning-hooks into spears in its hostility to the products of other faculties of self-hood. Sentiment, on the other hand, is grand and towering. It refuses to be dictated to, and at the very moment we resolve to be controlled by pure reason, sentiment sweeps in and draws us to our knees. Far be it from my purpose to depreciate reason, but to make it and its incomplete discoveries the sole arbiter of things in heaven and on earth is to mock it and them. A rational faith is vastly different from a faith of reason. The latter expresses itself in terms of the higher mathematics, and so far as it inspires any— if its mild influence can appropriate so noble and fiery a term—it inspires those very few cultured minds that will always be as scarce among the mass of men as water-springs in a desert. Such a religion can have no element of catholicity in it. It considers that its function is to solve all problems, and declare in prose all truth, forgetful that the chief value of problems is to solve us, that the finer and more useful know-

ledge in practical life is the inner values of fact, rather than its outward features described and shaded with the primness of photographic art. Even among those of us who have had opportunity to educate the mind both broadly and deeply, it is only at relatively long intervals that the intellect quells the rest of our nature. At such times, when intellect is in imperious mood, we may perhaps pay the faith of reason full homage. But let the universe of a single life once be confronted by some cataclysmic experience, and let this experience, through the play of its tumultuous forces upon us, compel us to realize immensities, eternities, God, the world of men—and our arms go out to ancient beliefs like the arms of a hungry babe toward its mother's breasts. After all, it is prophetic of good things to come that the thinkers, every one of them, go on with their fine-spun dialectic only during office hours; when the light grows dim and the day's task is done they are men enough to surrender themselves to the safe-keeping of love and sentiment and faith.

A rational faith places reason in its proper relation to sentiment. It does not allow fact to destroy vision; neither does it allow vision to obscure fact. It beholds Mary and Joseph, and the Babe wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in the manger; but it also remembers the saying concerning the Child, and the halo that it sees about His brow was never so vivid

to the artist's eye as to the eye of rational faith. The Church is clad in garments soiled and rent; but she is the bride of Christ.

Though with a scornful wonder
Men see her sore oppressed,
By schisms rent asunder,
By heresies distressed

—that is the manger and the swaddling-clothes. And the other qualification—

Yet she on earth hath union
With God the Three in One,
And mystic sweet communion
With those whose rest is won,

—that is the bursting heavens and the message that is a song. So is it with the Bible and its indisputable marks of the erring human pen on the one hand, and its matchless insight and finished ideals on the other; or with the sacraments and their humble elements as manger, and the unequivocal words of their Founder as vision and song; or still again with the ministry and its painfully human representatives offset by a dignity of vocation that angels might well covet. The ordinary ceases to be something upon which to whet the appetite for investigation and becomes an avenue and instrument of the divine. We approach these treasures in earthen vessels, not with

the sluggish foot of beings made of clay, but with the wings of those who have kinship with the Creator to whom we would pay adoration and worship.

Though the shepherds could not have described as one of us could the characteristics of the Christ, in Him they saw the whole that was to be seen. Power of definition is not essential to power of appreciation. You need not be skilled to analyze the chemical elements of water in order to be able to drink it and extract from it its best nourishment. The age of most accurate theology is not necessarily the age of closest communion with God. The shepherds saw that which can never die. Through all the changes of time it has not changed. In barbarous days, when the animal in man was on top, it held him with firm grasp; in our own day, when we have in some small way quelled the beast in us, as we sit in judgement on the stars, improve upon the habits of natural forces, and plan to do a little creative work on our own account,[1] it remains uninjured and unaltered. The cord binding the

[1] "Life in its ultimate element and on its material side is such a simple thing, it is but a slight extension of known chemical and physical forces; the cell must be able to respond to stimuli, to assimilate outside materials, and to subdivide. I apprehend that there is not a biologist but believes (perhaps quite erroneously) that sooner or later the discovery will be made, and that a cell having all the essential functions of life will be constructed out of inorganic material." Sir Oliver Lodge, in *Ideals of Science and Faith*, p. 20.

seen to the unseen, man to God, which has never been slack, was drawn so tightly in the Incarnation as to disappear in the commingling of earth and heaven in the Word made flesh. Love achieved its master-stroke in Bethlehem. Even were God not almighty and His best short of perfect, His love in entering the conditions of human life as servant and sufferer would be appealing enough to draw us to Him. We could not help throwing in our lot with One who had not hesitated to throw in His lot with us. But the Incarnation announces God to be master of the situation as well as the lover of men. The cradled babe is Saviour, King, Lord,[1]—three words which connote the appeasement of the yearnings and the realization of the hopes that lie deepest in human nature. The angel's message was not a personal secret suited only to the ears of the shepherds: it was a world's good news,[2] marching into the citadel of the human heart along the avenue most easy of access,—the faculty of joy which we love to use without restraint.[3] In God's revelation in Christ human demand finds its supply,—character in the Saviour, guidance and government in the King,[4] worship in the Lord.

1. *Character.* Am I wrong in thinking that sin loves

[1] *S. Luke* ii, 11.
[2] *Which shall be to all the people* (*S. Luke* ii, 10).
[3] *I bring you good tidings of great joy* (*S. Luke* ii, 10).
[4] *Christ, the anointed one, i. e.* King (*S. Luke* ii, 11).

darkness, partly because it can best compass its ends by courting secrecy, but equally because men covet righteousness so truly that when they forfeit character they desire, at all hazards, to retain their reputation or the semblance of the real thing? In other words, even the greatest enemies of righteousness pay it homage in their method of insulting it. By the weak, goodness is desired; by the earnest, it is willed; by all men it is regarded with admiration. It is worthy of note that the kings of science leave their sheep in order to go to Bethlehem. "My advocacy," says one, "of science and scientific training is not really due to any wish to be able to travel faster or shout further round the earth, or to construct more extensive towns, or to consume more atmosphere and absorb more rivers, nor even to overcome disease, prolong human life, grow more corn, and cultivate to better advantage the kindly surface of the earth; although all these things will be added unto us if we persevere in high aims. But it is none of these things which should be held out as the ultimate object and aim of humanity—the gain derivable from a genuine pursuit of truth of every kind; no, the ultimate aim can be expressed in many ways, but I claim that it is no less than to be able to comprehend what is the length and breadth and depth and height of this mighty universe, including man as part of it, and to know

not man and nature alone, but to attain also some incipient comprehension of what saints speak of as the love of God, which passeth knowledge, and so to begin an entrance into the fulness of an existence beside which the joy even of a perfect earthly life is but as the happiness of a summer's day."[1] What Sir Oliver Lodge says in the foregoing quotation most leaders of life believe and act out. The best things in art, science, invention, production, organization, literature, are worth aiming at as being the setting in which character most readily buds and comes to fruition. Character, goodness, morality, ethical culture—call it what you will—is a possession without which the other things which a man has are but the tawdry tomb which holds his dead bones. The Saviour is the giver of character.

2. *Leadership.* One of the most active pursuits of mankind is the search for reliable leadership. Much of our time from our school-days on, through our more responsible years of citizenship, is spent in enthroning and dislodging kings. We were born to follow. I know no keener satisfaction than walking behind one who has a firm step. The infallible guide we would like to find, and it is among the sad but valuable experiences of life to see our heroes fall from the heights where they never stood, but where our ima-

[1] Address on *Social Reform.*

gination has placed them. *There is none that doeth good, no, not one.* The best leaders are broken lights. Christ alone stands unimpeached, entire, unerring. I have never yet known of a man who took Christ as his leader and followed to the uttermost and to the last whither He led, complaining that he had gone astray. Nor have I ever known of a man who sought the leadership of Christ being allowed to walk in loneliness, excepting here and there, where too distinct a guidance would have been a hindrance. Christ is the King who governs life by serving it, who reveals the way by walking in it.

3. *Worship.* It is essential to human life that it should lose itself in the process of finding itself, a truth that is written in the nature of man. But obviously you cannot lose the ocean in a tub. If human personality is to be lost it must be in something vastly greater than itself. The world and its local interests are big enough for us to roam about in for a while, but if the limits of the universe form our final horizon, earth's boundaries will become in the course of time as prison walls. To the growing man the world and its works daily shrink in importance. The things seen in their detail or in the aggregate are too narrow to hold a single life longer than a few moments; knowledge passes away, and nothing remains big enough to hold man excepting God. Worship is the process

by means of which we lose ourselves in God. It is more than companionship, broader than petition, deeper than homage. It is the part losing itself in the whole. If it makes the worshipper forgetful of his work for a moment it sends him back to it better equipped to be a worker. *The shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen.* They went back to their duty, and forever after their sheepfold was an angels' choir, a court of heaven, as they sat under the stars with eyes that dared not slumber, lest while they slept some new vision of the King in His beauty should spring out of the night.

But why spend more time on facts as undeniable as the blueness of the sky or the brightness of the sun? Our appetite for character, leadership and worship is all but imperishable. It is possible, I suppose, to destroy it; but only at enormous cost and by persistent effort can its last yearnings be forever stilled. And yet as one looks over the Christian world there is such unappeased hunger among honest, earnest men and women as to give the beholder the same sense of pain as would rack him were he to see his own brother dying of malnutrition or starvation. Why do we dally? The angels have sung to us and pointed to the banquet table. But our feet are laggard and our pulse beats slow. We fear for the welfare of our sheep,

we say. We shall lose foothold among men. We shall endanger our intellectual consistency. Or perhaps it is that we do not like the appearance of a manger or the surroundings of a stable. We are bidden to the Church,—the Church that is so full of errancy and imperfection and failure.

But the shepherds did not hesitate to leave their sheep. Too exclusive attention to our task keeps God from having a share in it. The work of the worshipper suffers only so far as his methods are hateful to God. We need the relief that comes from godly carelessness, or, to put it in less paradoxical language, we are suffering from the strain of constant calculation and anxiety. Men who learn to take rest in God, after a while become able to do their work in God, and spend their odd moments painting pictures of heaven on the walls of their workshop.

It is true, indeed, that Christ is to be found only in a manger. The shepherds were told so, but they did not respond that, because He was not in a palace, they would remain with their browsing flocks under the clean stars. The most loyal adherent of the Church does not contend that it is ideal—only that Christ is there. It is strange that He should be willing to make it the chief sphere of His manifestation on earth, but it is one of the strange things that are true, like mirrored beauty in a muddy pool, the chaste pearl within

the rude oyster-shell. Modern life is fine in many of its aspects; it is diligent in its labours, honest in its investigations, courageous in its enterprises. But it lacks one thing needful. It is too reasoned, and not sufficiently spiced with the recklessness of men whose idealism is a controlling force that sends them to the Bethlehem manger with the racing feet of Christmas haste.

IX

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD

IX

THE GARDEN OF THE LORD[1]

They brought him up to Jerusalem, to present him to the Lord. . . . The child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him. S. Luke ii, 22, 40.

THE dedication of child life and its natural outcome under favourable training are set forth in this fragment of the Gospel which I have quoted. But it is not my desire to centre your attention solely on these points. Rather would I have you consider the broad subject of the beauty and power of infancy and youth, which of course have their fullest opportunity when consecrated and nourished in the name of the Lord.

There is always a joyous disturbance in the household when a baby is born. Even the poverty-stricken in their anxiety over daily bread for the new-comer cannot wholly elude the joy. At least the mother rejoices with a gladness that is unexplained by reason. Long ago there was quiet joy in a poor home in the East when a Jewish Baby was born. I think there is always a song in heaven when little children come. That night the song was so jubilant that it was like the river that overflows its banks and fertilizes the

[1] Preached at the English Church in Lausanne, Switzerland, on February 5, 1905.

entire valley in the abundance of its life. Heaven's vast spaces were strained to bursting, and earth became a sharer in the overflow of song. Simple shepherds, quick to appreciate the value of the good news brought them from the skies, were made companions of angels. Probably each one had his own home and family, and knew by experience the mysterious joy that brightens life when the first-born comes. At any rate after they had seen the Child they *returned, glorifying and praising God.*

I am glad that the Feast of the Purification comes at this time with its flavour of Christmas, calling us back again into the presence of the infant Saviour. I am glad that the Church year has various days in which child life is specially remembered. The gallery of sacred art keeps before us the important part infancy and childhood play in the Christian faith,—the numerous Madonnas which would cease to be of any high inspiration were it not for the glory of the Child reflecting His character upon the mother; S. Anthony of Padua with the Holy Infant in his arms; Titian's Venetian masterpiece of the Presentation in the Temple, and all the rest of the wonderful series. The ordinary babe is born to the family; the royal babe to the kingdom; the Divine Babe to the world.

It is worth while to ponder for a moment over the influence of infancy upon mature life. A baby's hand

is stronger than any other to iron out wrinkles long since folded by trouble on the parent's brow; a baby's smile is quick to coax away the set severity from stern lips; a baby's prattle will soothe a wounded heart when all other sympathy has failed. I cannot explain why this should be, only it is so. The finest characteristics of human nature seem to have a close kinship with child life and are opened gladly at a baby's behest, however deaf they are to every sound beside. There is the beauty of infancy and childhood of course to account for this extraordinary domination of age by youth, and true beauty is the gentle aspect of power. But I have never been clever enough to discover why the rosebud touches a spot in my soul which the splendour of the wide-opened flower cannot reach; and until I know the reason I shall remain unable to tell you why a child's life conquers me whenever I come close to it, why its caresses are a sacrament of benediction, why, if it were within my power to choose, I would live out my days among young children.

The promise that shines forth from the face of youth feeds the springs of hope in the lives that have been dried up by the scorching experiences of adult life. Hope is reborn with every child and keeps the world from falling under its burden. In a recent book [1] a picture is drawn of what a country, however pro-

[1] *A World without a Child*, by Coulson Kernahan.

sperous and otherwise happy, would be in which for a generation no child had been born. The horror of it is so manifest that I need not dwell on the thought. With a rush of relief the description of the lifting of the curse of barrenness, and the advent to earth of a child is welcomed. "Ere that child came to earth, God stooped to take into His arms the tiny image of Himself, to breathe between the little lips the breath of His own life, to set upon the baby brow the kiss of which dreaming children think when suddenly they smile in their sleep. Then with infinite tenderness He laid the little flower-like form in the hands of an angel, kneeling to receive the precious burden.

"Out of God's hands, and the hands of God's angels in heaven, thou shalt pass into the care of God's angels on earth. Thou shalt enter the world speeded of God, and tended by the hands of God's dear women, even as when thou leavest it, God's dear women shall tend thee to the last, and God and His Son, thy Saviour, shall wait to welcome thy return. Go forth, little one, and may thy coming make glad the hearts of women and men, for I have sent thee, I am with thee. Go!"

Tell me, why is it that there are those in married life who desire not to become parents?[1]

[1] Is there a more awful curse to be found in the Bible than this: *O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord. Thus saith the Lord, Write ye this man childless?*

Though we may not understand why child life is so potent a force, we are not left in doubt as to its value or as to our duty towards it. Jesus marks its worth by what He says concerning it, and the way He demeans Himself in its presence. He breaks down with a blow that is almost fierce the barriers that well-meaning but undiscerning followers would build to keep children from Him.[1] And when the little ones come to Him, in addition to placing them before men as the only type of life which the Kingdom of Heaven can admit, He folds loving arms about them and lays loving hands of blessing on their heads. Nor is it too much to maintain that when He sets them down His own soul is gladder and fresher because they have nestled to his bosom mingling their innocence with His sanctity. He says that a kindly deed done to a little one has no human measure large enough to determine the magnitude of its dimensions;[2] that violent death is less of a disaster than the marring of the career of a single child;[3] that the hope of eternal life consists in retaining childlikeness, or, having lost it, in regaining it;[4] that contempt or neglect of a child is a sure sign of worldliness and insensibility to worth as God regards values.[5] In my old church there was a picture in the east window of the Good Shep-

[1] *S. Mark* x, 13 ff. [2] *S. Mark* ix, 37. [3] *S. Mark* ix, 42.
[4] *S. Matt.* xviii, 3. [5] *S. Matt.* xviii, 10, 14.

herd with a lamb in His arms. During service one Sunday a child after contemplating it whispered to her nearest neighbour, "What does it mean?" "That Christ loves children." After a moment's pause—"Especially the very little ones," responded the child. Yes, especially the very little ones—"little ones" is Christ's own phraseology. *He shall gather the lambs in His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*[1]

In contrast to God's care of children by the hand of Christ and of His angels, let me recall to you the human neglect that is the portion of so many little ones, neglect portrayed in a modern picture which presents a desolate little figure forgotten on Christmas morning and weeping over "the empty stocking." The picture is a parable.

There are three things for us to do in our relation to childhood: (i) consecrate it, (ii) train it, (iii) follow its example.

1. As the infant Christ was presented to God as something belonging to Him, so should every little one be surrendered to Him without delay to receive the mark and means of blessing that was bequeathed by the Founder of Christianity to His Church. Baptism declares that humanity in its weakest, youngest form is sacred and beloved in the sight of its Maker. The initial sacrament is a twofold thing, consecra-

[1] *Isa.* xl, 11.

tion and conservation of what is good; a repudiation and purification of what is bad; a joyous recognition of the abundant good there is in human life,—talents and noble tendencies; a conquest, ideally, of the contrary qualities,—evil impulses, transmitted badness.

In this sacrament the folds of God's love are drawn as tightly about the newborn babe as human hands know how. What effect has it upon the spiritual character of the child? what change or influence is wrought?—you ask. When you tell me what effect on eye and ear and brain the sights and sounds and happenings have on the growing consciousness of a baby, then I shall be able to tell you to what extent, and how, an environment of God plays upon its soul. If no other benefit is capable of explanation, there is this great one at least which is manifest to all. The earliest knowledge of the child is that while it was dreaming those baby dreams that are forgotten at the dawn of consciousness, it was laid in Christ's arms by an act of dedication, and there it still nestles. It is as though one slept. Meanwhile the night grew cold and a mother's watchfulness placed warm wrappings about the slumberer. At daybreak he woke and grasped with the earliest activities of the mind the comfortable knowledge that love had protected him in the darkness. A day begun with such first thoughts is in a fair way to be a good day. By baptism we thrust as

deep in God as possible the unconscious baby life.

Perhaps I should have said that there are three aspects of baptism: in addition to those enumerated there is another which affects the on-lookers, those who join in the service. To these baptism is Christ reënacting the scene of old and placing a little child in the midst of His followers and saying, *Except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the Kingdom of heaven.*

2. Child life can best be developed as a surrendered thing. Without training, however, consecration cannot avail. What a glad task the parents have as the days go on! It is the task of the gardener as he bends over the fragile plant with its tiny buds ready, if he be kind, to unfold. We sometimes express wonder at the deep questions about religious things that come from the lips of the young. It is what we ought to expect, *for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.* None have minds better prepared to know God, none are more susceptible than they to religious influence.

In days when discipline is discounted, and as a result morals are becoming proportionately lax, I do not wish to be construed as ignoring the need of the severer aspects of training the child if I spend the rest of my time in dealing with the value of kindly and inspiring influences as necessary to the realization of the potentialities of youth. Indeed it seems to me

as though the need were not of cessation or even diminishment of the former so much as of due attention to the latter. As long as there is a mortal race its welfare will depend upon wise pruning, as well as wise watering and tending. Neglect the former and it will lapse into rampant savagery; neglect the latter and its starved, thin features will mock the promises of youth.

Take note that in all the references made by the Saviour to little children the terms He uses are an idealization of child character. What effect, think you, had the memory of His words and blessing on the little ones whom He held in His arms? The legend that S. Ignatius was the little child whom He placed as an object lesson in the midst of His disciples gives a sufficient answer. Children need to be told that they are God's treasures. Idealizing children is not indulging them. The former gives self-respect, the latter spoils them. Children must be treated as children. It is as offensive to treat children as adults as it would be to treat adults as children. If there were more reverence for child life, more encouragement of self-respect in youth, there would be less room for lamentations, threats and warnings later.

What child does not respond to wise inspiration? *Hearken unto me, ye holy children, and bud forth as a rose growing by the brook of the field: and give ye a*

sweet savour as frankincense, and flourish as a lily, send forth a smell and sing a song of praise, bless the Lord in all his works.[1] I cannot refrain from speaking to the fair young life in this congregation. These lilting words are for you, telling you both what you are and what God expects of you, so that it may be said of Christian boys, *As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons;*[2] and of Christian girls, *As the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters.*[3] The boys' motto calls for uprightness, chivalry and fruitfulness; the girls' for whiteness, piety and unselfishness.

Uprightness. Youth should grow straight and strong from the start. If you go into a young apple orchard you will find that this is characteristic of the trees in it. It is the straightness and strength, that is to say, the uprightness, of early days that makes it possible to bear, not only without loss but with profit, the hard blows and wrenches of the storms that come later. The gnarled and weather-beaten tree is vigorous and fruitful in its not ungraceful though twisted old age because in its youth it was straight and strong. Uprightness, remember, is doing that which is right with all your might.

Chivalry is the art of protecting the weak by an

[1] *Ecclesiasticus* xxxix, 13, 14. [2] *Song of Solomon* ii, 3.
[3] *Song of Solomon* ii, 2.

outstretched arm. Just as the tree uses its branches for a home for the birds and to give pleasant shadows to the grass and modest flowers, like the white lily of the valley and the violet that nestle at its feet, so should the uprightness of the boy serve as a shield and defence of girlhood. A boy is never too young to be a gentleman.

Fruitfulness. Branches should bear fruit as well as give shade. Fruitfulness is the justification of life and the token of strength. Boyhood should aim to accomplish something worth while, something, that is, that will benefit others, for fruit that is only the consummation of selfish effort is as useless and bitter as the wild fig. Good fruit has spirit in it, and it is spirit that makes fruit available for the use of mankind.

As for the girls, their prospects, though different from those of the boys, are not less attractive:

Whiteness. It is girlhood's native gift. Purity is the soul of beauty. The maiden's natural and most becoming garment is spotless white, for her best raiment is the index of what her character is intended by God to be. The colour of the lily and the snow is the combination of all colours. Perhaps that is the reason why whiteness has a moral effect on some of us when we look on its beauty. At any rate it is certain that a modest, high-minded maiden influences for good the boys and men who know her. Remember, maidens,

that whiteness, just because it is the nicely balanced adjustment of all colours blended into one, shows more clearly than any other colour the least stain or spot. Guard, therefore, your whiteness. It is your strength.

Piety is instinctive among women, whereas it is fought for by men. Everywhere girlhood, if it wishes, is able to walk straight into the presence of God. Prayers are like the opening at early dawn of the petals of the morning-glory to receive the dew of heaven and to be kissed by the rosy lips of the young day. Nothing protects purity like prayer.

Unselfishness is, as it were, the breathing forth of the spirit of whiteness and piety. Just as it is impossible for the man who sits in the lighthouse and trims the lamp to see as the watching mariner does the effect of its warning, guiding rays, so it is impossible for an unselfish girl to understand how or how far the fragrance of considerateness and graceful deeds of kindness goes abroad.

Happy boys and girls! Happy because you are young; happy because your life is straight as yet, because your life is white hitherto and now! Keep it straight; keep it white. This you can do if you let God have His full share in keeping it.

3. The mature life, the life which has marched through the early stages of man's course on earth, re-

mains to be considered. Older folk cannot become young again, but we can become as little children. We can press the sacrament of the child's innocence to our bosom and let it impart to us its subtle power. We can regain the child-mind in which simplicity reigns, where transparency is the law,—qualities which in combination with ripe experience caused a little one who gazed into the face of a good man to say, "O man! Do you live with God?"

A BOY'S PRAYER[1]

O Branch of David, make my boyhood straight and strong that, bringing forth the fruit of the Spirit, I may become the protector of the weak, the champion of the good, and the beloved of the Lord, who livest and reignest God for ever and ever. Amen.

A GIRL'S PRAYER[1]

O Holy God, who hast robed me in the lily-white of maidenhood, refresh me daily with the dew of Thy blessing and bathe me in the sunshine of Thy favour, that I may shed abroad the fragrance of a blameless life, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A MAN'S PRAYER

O Saviour, who in the completeness of Thy manhood art still the Babe of Bethlehem and Child of Nazareth, restore in me the simplicity I have tampered with, the trans-

[1] Taken from the *Garden of the Lord*, a leaflet, the copyright of which is held by E. S. Gorham.

parency I have obscured, the childlikeness I have lost, that the shattered fragments of my innocence may be assembled anew in the beauty of sanctity: who with the Father and the Holy Ghost art God for ever and ever. Amen.

X

OPPORTUNITY AND RISK

X

OPPORTUNITY AND RISK[1]

Behold, I have set before thee a door opened, which none can shut. Rev. iii, 8.

THE meaning of this is that Philadelphia had a missionary opportunity of extraordinary proportions set before it. The hand of a skilful and learned writer[2] has recently traced the history of the ancient Asiatic city, pointing out how from the first its career was missionary in character. Founded in the middle of the second century before Christ to promote Greek civilization, language, religion and manners among the natives, it succeeded in a marked degree in its mission. The site for a city with such a vocation was wisely chosen. It was located on an important trade route between East and West, one of the most valuable aids in the process of fusing an Asiatic with a European nation. The spiritual is based upon the natural, so it is no wonder that Philadelphia in the course of the development of Christianity became a famous missionary centre. "Long after all the country round had passed finally under Turkish power, Philadelphia held up the banner of Christendom. It displayed all the

[1] Preached in the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, on New Year's Day, 1905.

[2] Ramsay's *Letters to the Seven Churches*, chapters xxvii, xxviii.

noble qualities of endurance, truth and steadfastness, which are attributed to it in the letter of S. John, amid the ever threatening danger of Turkish attack; and its story rouses even Gibbon to admiration.

"During the fourteenth century it stood practically alone against the entire Turkish power as a free, self-governing Christian city amid a Turkish land. Twice it was besieged by great Turkish armies, and its people reduced to the verge of starvation; but they had learned to defend themselves and to trust to no king or external government; and they resisted successfully to the end. Philadelphia was no longer a city of the Empire; and the Emperors regarded rather with jealousy than with sympathy its gallant struggle to maintain itself against the Turks. At last, about 1379–1390 it succumbed to a combined Turkish and Byzantine army; what the Turks alone had never been able to do they achieved by availing themselves of the divisions and jealousy among the Christians."

Whether it be in the case of an individual, a nation or a church, what above all else is needed to promote growth is opportunity—*a door opened.* If such an opportunity comes with the stamp upon it of Divine approval, it is *a door opened, which none can shut.* It is a great thing for one to be dominated by the consciousness that he has a worthy opportunity, especially an opportunity to which something akin to certainty of

realization is attached — not that there can ever be an opportunity of achievement without a risk of failure; but when it is God who opens a door none can shut it, and it depends solely on the will of those concerned whether or not its threshold is passed. Christ's method of developing character was and is by challenging it to action through the medium of an opportunity. Our nation, which from its infancy has had an open door before it, has of late seen a portal swing ajar in the Orient. "In the waters of the Pacific," said Mr. John Morley,[1] "there lies for America a risk and a possibility." Midway between the two, failure and success, shame and honour, risk and possibility, we hang; but if we lose in the struggle it will not be because the odds are against us, but because of neglect on our part to avail ourselves of the great forces at our disposal.

Power to discern between imaginary and real obligations is a thing to be coveted. We have only so much vitality to spend and we must aim to spend it to the best advantage. In the case in hand there is no room for doubt. I suppose no one questions the fact of our obligation in the Philippines. Whatever difference of opinion may exist has to do with the method of fulfilling our responsibility. Nor does our new duty abate our home responsibilities. Rather does it em-

[1] At the New York Chamber of Commerce dinner in 1905.

phasize them — the necessity of curing the extremes of democracy and counteracting its limitations; the problem of handling well and assimilating the mass of foreign life whose millions shake by their steady tramp the foundations of our Republic as they march into her spacious territory; the purification of both our manners and morals, which have suffered from an abundance of prosperity.

When we turn to our Oriental task our first duty is to recognize that we have an undertaking which cannot be brought to a conclusion by a single masterstroke. A long day's work lies before us, the accomplishment of which cannot be reached by the bold blundering of an ignorant optimism which assumes that something less than our best attention and best men can bring it to a happy conclusion. This on the one hand; and, on the other, the generous though inaccurate conviction that the Filipinos possess a degree of development which in reality can become theirs, if ever, only after generations of schooling. Those of our countrymen who know most of the Filipino people to-day know but little, and our first duty is to bend our theories to ascertained facts. Our present system is neither burdensome to our wards nor ungenerous, and it affords a good working basis for action. Time and experience alone can reveal whether we are paying due regard to those essential

differences between East and West which have been the puzzle of the ages. America's motive is clean and high. I say this with the consciousness that beneath the official declaration of unselfishness there is found a place for the selfish scheming of politicians. But I believe the nation to be sound at the core, and its purpose to be sincere enough to defeat in the long run their machinations. At any rate this will be my hope unless shattered by occurrences which are possible, though thus far they have not come to pass.

1. Our political ideal was set by President McKinley in notable language. "The Philippines are ours not to exploit, but to develop, to civilize, to educate, to train in the science of self-government. This is the path of duty which we must follow or be recreant to a mighty trust committed to us. The question is not, Will it pay? but rather, Shall we do what is right? and it is for the people of this country to express their will on this great question."

Such a programme fits in with the beginning of progress in the Philippines. The first hand that tried to mould native life with a Western touch planned to be beneficent. The Christianizing of the Filipinos stood high in Spain's purpose in the early history of that nation's career in the islands. The colony was a mission, the members of which strove—nor did they strive in vain—to pass on to this far spot that which

they themselves held most dear,—their church life. Our errand is not less generous. Rightly or wrongly, that which the American values most highly is the principle of government which energizes and distinguishes his nation's life. Our effort to impart power of self-government is worthy the honourable epithet "missionary." It would be aside from my purpose to enlarge upon methods. A fair portion of our procedure will have to be along lines proved valuable in the experience of history, though much will have to be coloured by that originality which is the natural expression of national character. Always our motive must be all our own, let critics object as they may. In the toilsome working-out of our problem we shall be tempted to look for openings, for bursts of speed and for short cuts, forgetful that progress seldom runs or leaves the main road.

There are four assumptions made by the ultra-conservatives which may not be passed by without challenge. They are all in epigrammatic clothing, which in itself is an invitation to caution; for epigrams, like proverbs, are more notable for their intensity than their balance.

(*a*) *A republic cannot hold colonies*[1]—thus the "conservative." The "*progressive*" thinks of Venice, Car-

[1] Regarding the use of the word "colony" as distinguished from "dependency," see Lewis's *Government of Dependencies*, chap. iii.

thage and Athens as contradicting the assertion. The question is not of the fact, but of the character of the relationship. England is, essentially at any rate, a republic. Democracy pervades her life partly because of the processes of growth, and partly on account of the influences of the young Anglo-Saxon nation across the seas whose constitution and vision are the legitimate offspring of British ancestry.

(*b*) *Independence is essential to liberty.* Is it not rather the negative side of one aspect of liberty?[1] America is suffering to-day from too much independence, according to the judgement of the wise. The prevalent "toleration of crime is largely the result of an impatient desire for individual power, born of unlimited opportunities, causing men to disregard their duties to the social compact." The world's watchword to-day is aggregation, not separation — interdependence, that is to say, not independence.

(*c*) *Government without the consent of the governed is of the essence of slavery.* Wise men have said this from Swift to Rousseau, and the United States stand committed to the principle, although the North violated it some forty years ago in order to preserve the Union. You must know first who the governed are and who the governors, as well as what the character and what the condition of both, before you can pro-

[1] See Sermon I of this volume.

nounce the saying applicable or not.

(*d*) *Changes in the Constitution are dangerous.* This depends again on conditions. There can be no progress without change. The constitution of a man is markedly different from that of a boy. If our responsibility to dependencies calls for a change in the Constitution now or in the future, it must be made. The founders of this Republic did not tie up their bequest. Anticipating altered circumstances they left their descendants free to meet special conditions in the light of common sense and under the domination of the Spirit of that God who is the God of Nations and Constitutions.

I have no doubt that at all hazards America will be fair politically to the Philippines if the mass of citizens remember that the responsibility is theirs, a responsibility they may not shift to the shoulders of a few. Industrially the promise now is that an open market will shortly be given to Philippine products as an earnest of good faith.

2. In moving from matters political to the activities of philanthropy we find ourselves on firmer ground, because they pertain to those elementary needs of life which experience has taught us how to handle with fair prospects of success. The sick, the prisoner, the ignorant, must become our beneficiaries. It is a great misfortune that the Commission has up to this

date failed to erect a General Hospital in the city of Manila. The few private dispensaries and hospitals that have been started barely touch the hem of the need. Munificence has a sure field of usefulness and blessing in this direction.

The lot of the criminal awaits attention—a difficult task among a people who commonly hold commitment at the hands of the law little more than a misfortune to be lamented. There must be secured, too, for juvenile offenders that special treatment which is a commonplace in our home courts of justice.

Concerning education we cannot speak with quite the same confidence as of works of mercy. The people desire education, though not always that kind which is best calculated to make their future what it ought to be. Academic education of the American public school type is not, at present, for universal use. It is a dangerous thing to educate children beyond the opportunity to use their knowledge. Certain phases of education are conditioned by other departments of progress, and until there is advance all along the line the wiser counsel is to withhold that which, though good in itself, is of doubtful value when offered inopportunely. The Department of Public Instruction is awakening to this truth, and industrial training suited to the conditions of the country and people is being gradually pressed into the position it should occupy.

It is of far more importance that such facilities for education should be given Filipinos in their own land than that they should have opportunities provided for them to study in America or elsewhere. Foreign education, excepting as a post-graduate touch, seldom fits for a contented, useful life at home.

3. I have left the greatest to the last. The doors of political and philanthropic opportunity may be ajar, but the entrance for the Christian faith is opened wide. Religious liberty, our own priceless heritage and gift, invites all the churches of Christendom to assemble if they so choose, and thereby warns the venerable Church which claims at least the formal allegiance of most of the natives to heed her morals and mend her ways.

The work of our own Communion is threefold,— that among (*a*) Americans in civil and army life, (*b*) the heathen, (*c*) the Christianized Filipinos.

(*a*) Only those who have been swept from home moorings know the storm and stress to which morals and faith are subject in the Far East. In settled conditions that which we believe as a matter of course to be our own personal righteousness is quickly discovered in Oriental environment to be the borrowed strength of the society of which we were once a part. The East is no place for the weak or the unstable. A reed that is bent in a summer breeze will go down

irrevocably in a driving storm. It is the Church's duty to do her highest and her best for her sons who are abroad, exposed, as they are, to unusual trials and dangers. There is less need for the strong priest and the noble edifice in the home land than on the frontier.

Not least among those of whom we must take cognizance are the soldiers — I speak not only of the officers, but of the rank and file. The army is an American institution that lives and labours because and as the people will. The rank and file is composed of those who have had the lesser rather than the greater privileges and moral encouragements of civilization: they are called upon by the Nation to go to the hardest places and do its meanest work. However much may be done to support and guard the soldier's life, there will never be a chance of his being spoiled by over-attention.

(*b*) Just as our natural impulse, in a great city for instance, is to search out the most neglected, that they may be taught the Truth as revealed in Jesus Christ, so, in the Philippine Islands, if there are those who have never been taught or who, having once been shepherded, have been abandoned, our foremost duty is to them. Whoso gives his life and talents to these is as little guilty of quixotry or waste as the New York probation officer who lives among East-Side offenders, or the settlement worker, or the school-

teacher, whose lot is cast among some feeble tribe. Our Lord was specially interested in the poor, the halt, the maimed and the blind, and thought it worth while to scour the hedges for them.[1]

(*c*) The Christianized natives are not above any constructive religious aid that Christendom can contribute to them through its various families of Christian belief. But whatever else may or may not be done, we have an opportunity to exhibit our belief in the divine character of the human touch through medical missions and other agencies of compassion which are concerned with the minor as well as the major troubles to which the body is heir, ministering to them with no ulterior purpose beyond that of relieving and soothing manifest suffering.

Such is the Nation's responsibility and opportunity. Imbedded in America's utilitarianism is her idealism—her power to see visions. Her chief risk in this connection consists in her tendency to minimize difficulties and to aspire to do the impossible—a common error as well as an undoubted strength in youth. The differences between Europe and Asia are such as have made it out of the question, hitherto and now, for one continent permanently to conquer the other.

The East bowed low before the blast,
In patient deep disdain;

[1] *Luke* xiv, 23.

She let the legions thunder past,
Then plunged in thought again.[1]

It remains to be seen whether a political or educational conquest is any more possible, so that the Western principle of government and the Western sequence of thought will assume some day lasting dominance over Oriental life or in a marked degree modify it. The most we can say at this juncture is that prevailing conditions and our brief though chequered experience are such as to convince us as a nation that there is *a door opened.* At any rate it is as ill advised to postulate failure as it is reasonable to postulate success in the presence of any problem that has as its hope of solution the fact that God *has made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the whole earth.* The Filipino people for centuries have been bound to the Western world by the indissoluble bond of a common Christianity — a circumstance unique in the relation between Europe and the Far East. After all, in Christ and His truth rests the sole hope of unity. These folk who live upon the threshold of Asia are a witness to the truth that Christ is for Asiatics.

If we read in the following quotation "American"

[1] See the preface to Meredith Townsend's remarkable book *Asia and Europe*, in which he quotes this stanza from Matthew Arnold.

for "European" our situation is well described: "Christianity is the religion which associates East and West in a higher range of thought than either can reach alone, and tends to substitute a peaceful union for the war into which the essential difference of Asiatic and European character too often leads the two continents. So profound is the difference that in their meeting either war must result, or each of them must modify itself. There is no power except religion strong enough to modify both sufficiently to make a peaceful union possible; there is no religion but Christianity which is wholly penetrated both with the European and with the Asiatic spirit. . . .

"It is now becoming plain to all that the relation of Asia to Europe is in process of being profoundly changed; and very soon this will be a matter of general discussion. The long-unquestioned domination of European over Asiatic is now being put to the test, and is probably coming to an end. What is to be the issue? That depends entirely upon the influence of Christianity, and on the degree to which it has affected the aims both of Christian and of non-Christian nations: there are cases in which it has affected the latter almost more than the former. The ignorant European fancies that progress for the East lies in Europeanizing it. The ordinary traveller in the East can tell that it is as impossible to Europeanize the

Asiatic as it is to make an Asiatic out of a European; but he has not learned that there is a higher plane on which Asia and Europe may 'mix and meet.' That plane was once in an imperfect degree reached in the Graeco-Asiatic cities, whose creative influence in the formation of Roman and modern society is beginning to be recognized by some of the latest historical students, and the new stage toward which Christianity is moving, and in which it will be better understood than it has been by purely European thought, will be a synthesis of European and Asiatic nature and ideas."[1]

The quotation is ponderous, but it drives home a tremendous truth,—that Christ is for the world, and that the one *door opened* in the Orient *which none can shut* is not the "open door" for trade, which the clever hand of Western diplomacy would fain hold ajar, but the portals of the Celestial City which is the true home *of all tribes and peoples and tongues.*[2]

[1] *The Letters to the Seven Churches*, Preface.

[2] Christianity makes no pretence at erasing differences, be they racial, national or individual. It does, however, aspire to banish antagonisms springing from them. Heaven itself will contain easily discernible differences of various kinds.

XI

TWO SHAKESPEARIAN SERMONS FOR THE TIMES

XI

TWO SHAKESPEARIAN SERMONS FOR THE TIMES

I

Portia Preaches

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Julius Cæsar, Act II, scene i

PORTIA'S brief appearance is extraordinarily effective. We are allowed but one good look at her comely person as she moves with rapid steps across the stage. But it is enough. Before the door closes on her retreating figure we recognize in her the "noble wife" that Brutus hailed.

The storm of tragedy is already sweeping over the heavens before she is introduced to us, but out of the gathering gloom is flashed a picture of ideal married life, as when in the twinkling of an eye the lightning lifts a whole landscape from the bowels of darkness. Once seen it may not be forgotten. Its developed

beauty is so fair that amidst the crash of empires and the fall of heroes we instinctively raise an arm to protect its grace from desolation.

Portia had beauty of form and feature. She knew she was comely. If her mirror had failed to tell her of nature's favours the lips of would-be lovers would not have allowed her to remain in ignorance. But her loveliness of face was more than surface deep; it was the window of the beauty nested in her soul, and it charmed "the noblest Roman of them all" until their two lives mingled under his strong vows of love and her responsive passion. Then came marriage and

that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one.

It was no mere fleshly bond that united them. That were so slight a tie that a rope of sand would serve as well. A passing humour as fickle as a candle flame is the bond of the flesh alone. Puff! and out it goes with sated desire, or the change of whim's breeze. Add to it like-mindedness, compatibility, and still there is not enough to work the miracle of making two lives one. The facile acquiescence, the tricks of manner, the curves of thought, the tones of speech, that fascinate to-day, may irritate and goad to anger to-morrow—who knows? The cord of love is great and knotted and of many strands. But all its strength is

weak if the thread of mutual trust is wanting.

Between Brutus and Portia until now there had been no secrets. His interests were hers, and hers his. Each shared with each by voluntary confidences the life that otherwise must be separate. They twain were not only one flesh, but also one soul. When the mind of her husband is weighted with its "sick offence" Portia urges

That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

the vexing secret. She abhors the thought of his holding back anything that appertains to him. She will not brook being relegated to "the suburbs of his good pleasure." She must enter into all that touches him, for better or for worse. It is only what the logic of their relationship requires — "I am yourself without limitation. You must treat me without reserve." This seems never to have been questioned until now. She meets the change of front with surprise and alarm. It has come suddenly. Only last night the symptoms declared themselves. So at one with him is she that his trouble is known to her with the same promptness that the brain discovers pain in an injured arm. His distraught manner any one, perhaps, might have noticed, but every least token of an abnormal condition is detected by her jealously solicitous eye. He is a different man; no longer is he her self which always

hitherto he was. Were the evil to

> *work so much upon your shape*
> *As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,*
> *I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,*
> *Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.*

His flimsy plea of ill health is firmly set aside.

> *No, my Brutus;*
> *You have some sick offence within your mind,*
> *Which, by the right and virtue of my place,*
> *I ought to know of.*

It is not curiosity that moves her to try to force open the closed doors, but courageous love. It is the privilege of love to suffer with the distress of those we love. The secret wound, self-inflicted, is the pledge of her constancy.

Is it wholly to lock with double bolt the secret of a conspiracy that Brutus departs from his wonted frankness and delays to construe to Portia's proven constancy "all his engagements"? Or does he shrink from making so fair a mind a repository of so cruel a plot? Does he fear her influence lest it should hold his hand? Devoid of unworthy ambition not less than he, had she known of the plot in the brewing her woman's wit might have uncloaked the specious arguments of the scheming Cassius and left Brutus free to honour Cæsar instead of armed with a dagger to slay him. It

is interesting to speculate how the course of events would have run had he shared his doubts with his wife when they first arose. The eye of a wise-hearted woman like Portia is as quick to discover trickery hidden under fair words and brave logic as a Calpurnia to scent danger coming down the breeze upon her beloved Cæsar. The mind of man is not more than half strong until reinforced by the intuition of woman. The strength of Brutus lies in his weakness. He is not a discerner of spirits; he has not initiative; his guilelessness leaves him a prey to a wolf in sheep's clothing. The advice of an honourable, practical mind might have saved him.

But we can do nothing better than surmise as to what might have been, whereas we know what was. Portia with swift accuracy detected the rift in the lute that threatened to spoil the glad music of her life with Brutus. The character of the secret was of less account than the fact of the secret. While it remained unshared wifehood was threatened and she was held to her husband by the insecure bond of the flesh alone—an intolerable fate.

> *Dwell I but in the suburbs*
> *Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,*
> *Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.*

The inopportune interruption of the interview be-

tween husband and wife leaves the wound unsalved. When Portia next appears it is as the distracted victim of tragic fears, and Cato's daughter vanishes in a swirl of fire blazing on the bank of a stream of blood.

Inconsequent idealism is not responsible for the contention that the highest conceivable view of marriage is the one best suited to human conditions. It is a fact of nature, worked out in history, perennially and everywhere in evidence. His experience is small and his faculty of observation dull who has not once and again had his life flooded with song by contact in the homes of his country with wedded felicity more excellent than the fairest picture painted by the brush of fiction. Shakespeare's Portia may or may not be the Portia of history, but she is a living woman whom we to our profit have seen and known as well as he. Her conception of marriage is that held by all who have in any true sense apprehended as husband or as wife. Her insistence on a mutual and unclogged flow of confidences is an indispensable condition of union; her trepidation at its menaced integrity, the instinctive fear of every wife.

There is such a thing as the reticence of love. Frankness is neither garrulity nor brutality. It is governed by highly tempered sympathy that is, on the one hand, fearful of seeming impertinent through

the exhibition of too aggressive a solicitude, or, on the other, tiresome by over-communicativeness. Love never desires to withhold confidences because of selfish motives. Much less will it ever try to hide things that obviously are the common concern. The harmful secret is that which we are conscious ought not to be a secret. Love's aim is to share the entire life of its partner, and to give as well as take. Ah, if it were only believed in early life that when man or woman enters the married state the whole stretch of the past in its essential features should by right become common property! Too often marriage begins with reserves. The stream of confidences does not always run pure from its source because of murky secrets concerning adolescence which, if told, in many instances might work irreparable injury, but which, withheld even from the highest motives, cloud the transparency of artless candour.

That part of marriage which is actually experienced in common is fairly well able to take care of itself; but where, as is so often the case, man and wife are absorbed most of the time in duties that keep them apart, it is easy for each to drift into the suburbs of the other's pleasure. A man's business life and a woman's home life do not touch unless the edges are pulled together and held in place by steady purpose. Is it right that most of a husband's waking hours

should be a sealed book to his wife, and vice versa? Modern life is such that unless pains are taken to prevent the calamity, it will surely happen. By successfully embracing pursuits once held to be wholly masculine, women have revealed their capacity to share with intelligence and sympathy in the activities of commercial and professional life. It is the wife's right to expect tutoring in this department of her husband's experience, as it is his to receive those confidences of domesticity that are necessary to prevent his character from hardening under the pressure of the world's work. The greater the gaps of separation and the fewer the moments of companionship there are, the more danger there is that lives will drift apart, and the fuller must be the mutual confidences which alone can avert the interior divorce. One would expect to find that which I believe is a fact—fewer and less serious breaks in married concord among those who live and labour in full view of one another than where each day has long stretches of separation and silence never accounted for.

The secret which came between Brutus and Portia was one of deliberate intent, from whatever motive, on the part of the former. Its effect was disastrous in the extreme. But as fruitful a cause of estrangement as secrets of conscious purpose are those of indifference. These latter usually begin in a selfishness that

is too idle to make an effort to share commonplaces and daily experiences. A home of wintry coldness and bristling with irritability is the least evil that can ensue. The divorce court is the not infrequent goal.

Let us conclude our reflections, not with the bleakness and gloom of woes that ought not to be, but with a glance at the joys and radiance that ought to be; not with warnings against secretiveness and taciturnity, but with an impulse toward candour and considerateness. If evil loves dark corners and lurking shadows, goodness courts the sunshine and God's broad spaces. A home that is built from its foundation upon the principle of the shared life is brilliant with possibilities. A large proportion of the differences that mutilate happiness are the direct creation of insufficient information — information easily supplied by characters who pledge themselves to err on the side of candour if they err at all. It is hard to draw any but a scholastic line between faith, hope and love. Certain it is that there cannot be love without faith. Whatever else faith may be, it is at least that aspect of love which trusts.

Thou lovest me,
And thou art to receive not love, but faith,
For which thou wilt be mine, and smile.[1]

[1] Pauline.

Faith is never dumb, and it reaches its highest range of song in the family, which is the school of trust and frankness. Where it reigns life is enlarged, interests are multiplied, happiness is promoted, usefulness is ensured and unity abounds.

II

Othello Preaches

Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have pass'd. . . .
. . . These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline.
. . . My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore, in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them.

Othello, Act I, scene iii

THE man of war, Brabantio, found congenial fellowship with the man of war, Othello. Desdemona was drawn in by the courtesies of society. It did not occur to Brabantio that in permitting his daughter to have a share in his intimacy with Othello he was challenging Cupid to improve the occasion.

To promote social intercourse is to promote marriage. Society is the hotbed of young love, and whoever is admitted on terms of equality may not be faulted if he count himself eligible for the highest prize, nicely phrased inhibition notwithstanding. Nature's barriers are not always visible to the eyes of youth, provided there be space and opportunity given for the play of tumultuous, though surface, emotions.

The story is as simple and logical as Othello makes it. Desdemona may have been

> *A maiden never bold;*
> *Of spirit so still and quiet that her motion*
> *Blush'd at herself;*

but hers was just the temperament to be easily affected by the romance of a man of war. There is no quality in manhood more admired by women than courage, no endowment more adorable than strength. Othello selects the direct route to her affections each time he refers to "some distressful stroke that his youth suffer'd." Pathos stirs the soul of girlhood, and Desdemona longs to give her hero the compensation a woman's hand alone can distil.

I suppose young love is seldom without a dash of sentimentalism — at any rate in this instance it was not. Obstacles to the union were evidently recognized and discussed, though they were evaded rather than

met, as strong characters are wont to meet difficulties. A clandestine marriage launches the swarthy Moor and his fair Venetian bride. The odds are against their permanent happiness even if there were no Iago to poison their felicity with his hate. That coarse plotter was not prophesying recklessly when he said, "It was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration." Whatever interference he had planned at the time of these words, the experience of history augured ill of such a match under such conditions.

Shakespeare with the agility of genius leaps into the heart of things. In *Othello* he touches, doubtless without conscious purpose, a world-wide question, which in our day, wherein the ends of the earth are drawn together and the farthest nation lives within full sight of our front door, is at an acute stage, — the problem of the limits of prudence in the intermarriage of divergent peoples. That nature has placed restrictions on the free intermingling of human blood is undeniable, and he is foolish indeed who fails to reckon with them. Century heaps history on century, and still it remains true that "real differences of race never lose their separating force." They will always say, "Thus far, and no farther."

Community of interests, natural or developed from capacity inherent in both parties, is the necessary

foundation of all fellowship, intimacy, or union of whatever sort. There are those who are eligible by nature for only a limited relationship. If they transgress due bounds harsh antagonisms soon spring out of a familiarity which God has proscribed. Considered in its lowest aspect the genus man has capacity for animal union without regard to race or nationality. But wherever mere animality or volatile passion controls the actions of rational beings confusion ensues.

Intuitively, one might say, men, as a general rule, make their selection of life partners from a restricted group, the delimitations of which run in concentric circles, the outermost being racial; within lie the national, the social and the religious.[1] It would seem as though the reason for this lay in the fact that only within prescribed boundaries can there be any assurance that necessary potential affinities exist, and that

[1] This is one of the greater barriers where conflicting faiths are concerned. In Christian countries where the divergence is only that of a phase of Christianity it is of comparatively small account. I am constrained to say, however, that the attitude and practice of the Roman Church in America with reference to the solemnization of mixed marriages is neither honest nor productive of good results. It is a legal function parading for policy's sake in the guise of a Christian ceremony. A marriage before a justice of the peace is preferable, being devoid of pretence.

S. Paul declares the necessity of community of interests for happy marriage when he says (*2 Cor.* vi, 14 ff.): *Be not unequally yoked with unbelievers: for what fellowship have righteousness and iniquity? &c.* This is not an outburst of religious partisanship, but of profound philosophy true to the fact.

he who elects or is impelled to overleap those barriers, which are not artificial but constitutional, does so at a risk that increases proportionately to the distance from the centre the adventurer wanders. Love, in one sense, moves along the lines of least resistance. Hence it is normal and healthy that they who marry should make their selection from among those whose race, nationality, education and environment, social and religious, is akin to their own.

The tragedy of *Othello* is a piece of real life. Underlying the Moor's native jealousy, goaded to frenzy by the lies of Iago, is a gulf between Othello and his bride. Constructed by the hand of nature, from the first it stands as a menace to the prospect of a happy union. Othello's colour is an object of scorn on the part of Brabantio[1] and Iago,[2] and a ground for delicate apology on the part of Desdemona.[3] But colour is of no great moment except as an index of fundamental difference,—difference of blood, temperament, education, interests. It is fair to argue that without Iago as chief executioner high tragedy is in the air. The seeds of disunion were there from the first,

[1] . . . *The sooty bosom*
Of such a thing as thou.

[2] *Old black ram.* Rodrigo exclaims,
What a full fortune does the thicklips owe!

[3] . . . *My heart's subdued*
Even to the very quality of my lord:
I saw Othello's visage in his mind.

ready to bear fruit in discord if not in separation. There can be no high degree of love when passion is not tempered by reason, and welded by the bond of common interests. The Moor and the Venetian have a minimum of affinity. Indeed it was not until the Moor by virtue of close association had become half Spaniard, and the Spaniard half Moor, that an intermixture between these two bloods became profitable. The same may be said of the fusion of Norman and Saxon. The Spanish and Portuguese, however, have always exhibited an ease in allying themselves in marriage with foreign peoples superior to that of other European nations. The American continent and various countries of the Orient bear abundant testimony to the fact. It seems to have been in their plan of colonization to follow up conquest by intermarriage. On the other hand a nation like the Jews, for instance, represent the opposite extreme. Their aloofness is a foundation stone of their existence. The various families of the Anglo-Saxon race are conservatives. Narrow boundaries are marked out by them for marriage. Being men of strong passions they do not hesitate to gratify their impulses lawlessly, though with social impunity, under conditions where marriage would be considered a major offence. This has been amply and painfully illustrated in India.[1]

[1] The position of the Eurasian is an interesting study in Orien-

Within the limits of the European continent there are even now physiographical boundaries, reducing to a minimum intermarriage between certain nations. It is not a lack of opportunity, so much as divergences of sufficient number and character to outweigh attractions, that accounts for the phenomenon. Teutonic and Romance peoples do not readily combine in family life. If this be true of North and South in a single continent, the principles under discussion become doubly emphatic where the question concerns the Eastern and Western hemispheres, especially if the Westerners be from the temperate zone and the Easterners from the tropics. So that in considering the risks of intermarriage between American and Filipino we are basing our logic on large and indisputable experience, and are weighing in equal balances the happiness of two peoples.[1]

There is on the part of various earnest persons, though seldom among those who have lived in the

tal life. Ordinarily the offspring of a European and Asiatic union desire to be considered English, Spanish, &c. In Hong Kong only a small minority of the large Eurasian population officially acknowledge themselves as such, registering chiefly as Europeans.

[1] Oriental peoples intermarry with profit. However we may view the Chinese Exclusion Act as related to America, in its application to the Philippine Islands it is non-natural. It is of questionable commercial value, and it prevents intermarriage between two races who are benefited, as past experience shows, by the process.

Orient, a desire to promote close social intimacy between foreigners resident in Oriental countries and the natives. Many who advocate this would deprecate the thought of intermarriage. But freedom in the former promotes freedom in the latter, especially where young life is concerned. That which seems desirable for Brabantio and Othello proves precarious for Othello and Desdemona.

There is another question also which demands attention. The East as well as the West has its well-defined social idea. Distinct and dominating, in many points it is in violent conflict with our own. I can understand that an Asiatic feels degraded by abandoning his own social code for that of America or Europe not less than an American or European who merges himself into Asiatic modes.[1] An attempt to create a mixed social life in an Oriental country with an American code will end in the best native element dropping out. If on the other hand, the code be a native code, the American element will disappear. The English have come to a clear-cut political and commercial understanding with the peoples they rule—more orderly than that of the American Republic in its dependencies. They too have arrived at a social *modus vivendi* preferable to our own in analogous

[1] Meredith Townsend's *Asia and Europe* should be read in this connection.

circumstances.[1] Reverence for royalty and the recognition of social rank give the Britisher and the Oriental a common standing-ground. The English system of formal relationships for official purposes, in which the native is courteously made to feel his inferiority, keeps the social (and racial) differences clearly defined even in circumstances that on the surface appear to invite familiarity.

America begins with less in common with Oriental life than the older countries. Within the limits of our own Republic, a century has taught us that there is generous though mischievous hyperbole in our profession that all men are born equal. We are learning that they are even less so than we imagined, when the two hemispheres touch. It is not a question of black and white, or of inferior and superior, but of differences, deep and immovable. Further than this, it is not that we are trying to safeguard our own interests without regard to those of the Oriental peoples concerned, but that we are mindful of the benefit of both parties alike. Nor again is it as though unrestricted social intimacy were going to solve the problem that is vexing us, for the French Revolution testifies nationally that which *Othello* illustrates in an individual instance,

[1] I am not advocating its adoption by ourselves, but simply stating a fact. In like manner the democracy of England is of a healthier type than our own, though it would be impossible for us to imitate it.

that breaking down barriers under a banner inscribed with a holy motto is not necessarily profitable. Society which recognizes the lines of cleavage that are in it by nature is the safest. Democracy, with its craving for intimacy, cannot dismiss them by a wave of its hand. The story of King Cophetua and the beggar-maid has a delicious democratic flavour. But its sentimentalism allows us to follow the pair no farther than the altar. Did they fit one another so as to be happy through a long stretch of married life, or did they act out *Othello* on a small scale?

The steadfast honouring under Christian influences of manhood and womanhood wherever found and in whatever conditions, though never so stupid as to ignore the existence of stone walls or treat them as if they were barriers of twigs, is the most potent force that is making for unity. Its power will wear away artificial obstacles and at the same time bring out such as are real into threatening, though salutary, relief.

At the close of Darwin's *Descent of Man* is a noteworthy passage. "Man," he says, "scans with scrupulous care the character and pedigree of his horses, cattle and dogs before he matches them; but when he comes to his own marriage he rarely or never takes any such care. He is impelled by nearly the same motives as the lower animals, when they are left to their

own free choice, though he is in so far superior to them that he highly values mental charms and virtues. On the other hand he is strongly attracted by mere wealth or rank. Yet he might by selection do something not only for the bodily constitution and frame of his offspring, but for their intellectual and moral qualities. Both sexes ought to refrain from marriage if they are in any marked degree inferior in body and mind; but such hopes are Utopian and will never be even partially realized until the laws of inheritance are thoroughly known. Every one does good service who aids toward this end. When the principles of breeding and inheritance are better understood, we shall not hear ignorant members of our legislature rejecting with scorn a plan for ascertaining whether or not consanguineous marriages are injurious to man."[1] Whatever else this passage may connote, it indicates that among rational beings undisciplined impulse is never a sufficient ground for entrance into the married state, and advises that with advancing knowledge there should be advancing prudence.

[1] *Descent of Man*, Part III, chap. xxi.

XII

TWO ADDRESSES

XII

TWO ADDRESSES

I

Patriotism [1]

THREE wars stand out in stern relief in our nation's history,—that which gave us our liberty, that which consolidated our unity, and that which won liberty for others.

The fruits of our first struggle, a century and a quarter removed, are the daily sustenance of our Republic. The last two wars, the one in the retreating distance of time, the other in the foreground of experience, hold place in the memory of living men.

To-day with wreaths in our hands we recall the heroes of our nearer conflicts. They were men who fought because the nation bade them fight, and not because they lusted for blood or were of fiercer breed than those who never felt the hot breath of battle. These were they who fought in wars in which the nation fought. The men and women who stayed at home and prayed and planned and toiled and wept were in the wars as truly as the veterans of Gettysburg and San Juan Hill. The arm struck because the heart bade it and the brain directed it. The deeds of the

[1] Delivered at the Soldiers' Cemetery in Pasay, Manila, Memorial Day, 1905.

army are the Nation's deeds. We honour these dead as patriots and rejoice that we are their brethren.

They valued life as highly as men are wont to do, but they deemed it not imprudent to risk its swift close if the general welfare and the country's honour demanded it. They responded to the nation's call, and went, never to return. For them we do with memory what for the survivors we do with cheers and spoken word and outstretched arms.

They fought, not that we might sit with folded hands, but that we too might fight—fight a freer, stronger battle. They fought that the heritage of our forefathers might he unimpaired and our liberties sustained and extended. We fight that what they won be not desecrated by the abuse of license or rendered ineffective by ignorant use.

Liberty is not a toy to be tossed to every crying child, but a trust to be jealously guarded and placed at the disposal of those who know how to use it.

In the home land we need to take steps to curb the extremes of democracy and prevent liberty from becoming an occasion for tyranny.

When responsibility lies upon us abroad as here, we must not be surprised that those do not understand democracy who hitherto have lacked opportunity to learn its meaning. We must be patient until they come to know that disgrace cannot attach to

ignorance that never had a teacher; that independence prematurely brought to the birth is a curse and not a blessing, a weakness, not a strength; that progress is a growth and cannot be forced; that a position of tutelage is honourable.

Thus will be carved the capitals of the temple of liberty builded with our forefathers' hands. Fellow-citizens, it is to this task that we are called by the dead at whose graves we stand.

II

The True Corner-Stone[1]

THIS moment can come to us but once, and we must be ready to receive all it can give, as it greets us with outstretched hands. Yonder great stone, in tones calm and confident, speaks to us of the permanent value and certain issue of work under the guidance and in the name of our blessed and loving Lord. *Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.* Christianity is never an experiment, though it is always an adventure. Whatever uncertainties may haunt the path of government, whatever fate may be the portion of commerce, whatever movements may ruffle the surface of society, the Church of the Incarnate God "constant will remain."

The ancient Christianity that in the sixteenth century planted the Cross in these islands, and, pursuing her young advantage, radiated out in after years until all but dwellers in remote sections had heard their Saviour's name, has, under the flag that secures equal religious rights for all, girded herself anew to strengthen her venerable foundations and to reconstruct her walls where they are broken down. The cessation of the old order under the stern condi-

[1] Delivered on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Cathedral of S. Mary and S. John, Manila, Feast of the Conversion of S. Paul, 1906.

tions of international readjustment, was a call to Christians of other names to enter the field that they might supplement by their visions and efforts and achievements that which had been wrought by the religious forces already at work throughout the archipelago. Moved by the compelling spirit of God we came, each leaning on the staff of his convictions, each eager to serve God's needy children, our brethren, as occasion might offer.

We have no anxieties as to the outcome of our adventure for God or the success of our labour of love. What though the slender thread that binds my life and yours to the visible order soon shall snap! Sickness, death, removal, are not cause for dismay. *Yea, in all these things we are more than conquerors.* Other labourers, of superior valour and skill, will fill the vacant places and maintain the sacred cause. What if our plans miscarry or assume an unfamiliar guise! They will not, on this account, cease to be serviceable instruments in the hands of the Holy Spirit. All unfriendly forces that menace progress from without, God will control. All deficiencies, too, that lurk within, will He frustrate. Our prejudices will He thwart with the honesty of our purpose, our divisions will He bind up with a unity born of our common devotion to Him, our frailties will He temper with the purity of our motive.

I speak, as you see, in the language of certainty, for it is not I that speak, but rather God that speaketh through me. In Jesus Christ our word is not yea and nay, but yea. When a foundation stone is comely, strong and well set, it will bear with grace any weight that may be laid upon it. Nothing can crush it, nothing thrust it aside, nothing mar its symmetry. Jesus Christ, God and Man, is our Corner-Stone. On Him we rest our to-day with its privileges and duties, as well as our yesterday with its varied lights and shadows, and our to-morrow with its hopes and fears. To Him and in His Name we raise this glorious fabric that slowly rises skyward, to be for all time a memorial of thanksgiving and love to the thrice holy God,—a memorial offered by a gentle, generous giver who, though she be half the world away, is at this moment at our side.

Your immutable responsibility and mine, fixed long since by divine decree, deepens at this great moment. The temple made with hands is a parable and prophecy in stone. It tells us that which we are ordained to be—*steadfast*, *unmovable*, *always abounding in the work of the Lord*. It promises that our destiny shall, if we so will, be not other than that ordained. A glorious destiny, a fair promise, O man!

This Stone, emblem of Christ the Corner-Stone of humanity, token of the solidity and permanence of

the spiritual building of which we are part, symbol of the reality of our convictions, we now put in place—in loyal adherence to *the Faith which was once for all delivered unto the saints*, with yearning love toward those who have wandered from the side of Christ or have never known His Name, in charity with all men.

L'ENVOI

When speech, the lowly servitor of thought,
Has done his best, he leaves locked in the mind
Truth's larger wealth. E'en of the freight words bear,
A half is spilled before the goal is reached.
Nor can the will of man weave without break
Or flaw the fabric of a perfect life,
Although the pattern, formed by God's own hand,
Is fastened to the loom. The shuttle fails
To shoot the thread of virtue through the warp
Of knotted stubbornness and loose desire.
Whose pen with skill depicts the better way
More knowingly could tell a tragic tale
Of barren vows and frequent battles lost.
And yet no counsel e'er took winsome form
Save when the lips that taught its wise behests
Had been bit through and through by teeth close clenched
In purpose to incarnate in the life
The graces preached. Across the counsellor's face
The spiteful scars of failure groove their path
And mark him as a man who has not yet
Attained the heights he covets for his friends.
Half hypocrite they brand him. But athwart
The wounds of weakness are those tokens sure,
That aspiration clad in armour brave
Stands girt with hope for fresh emprise, resolved
To follow to the end of time the Christ
Who beckons still to worsted warriors.

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